THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 973
The French Press and the President's Policy — Under the Soviet Star — British Newspaper Finance — Doldrums on the Dardanelles — Fooling the Public — Italo-Swiss Border Friction

How Tolstoi Died. *A Secret Police Report* . GENERAL LVOV 979

Mussolini, Man of Many Interests . . . YOÏ MARAINI 986

Germany's Ku Klux Klans . . . . . HEINZ POLLACK 990

Awakening India . . . . . PROFESSOR EMIL LEDERER 992
A First Impression

In the Land of Morning Calm . . . . ARNALDO CIPOLLA 997

Memories of Saint-Saëns . . . . . FALERIO 1001

The Panther Man. I . . . . RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ 1005
A Story of Jungle Government

A Nurse among the Eskimos . . SIGRID BUGGE WESTMARR 1012

A Page of Verse 1014
Tuscany

Life, Letters, and the Arts 1015
The Persecuted Whale — S. R. O. — 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' — The Secret of the Northern Lights — G. B. S., Lyrist — Some Stevenson Publicity — A Good Time Was Had by All — Radio in Sovietland

Books Abroad 1019
Mahatma Gandhi — La guerre des femmes: Histoire de Louise de Bettignies et de ses compagnes — The Pirates' Who's Who — Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman — New Translations

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 60c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

A large part of the explanation of Tolstoi's death consists of an amazing mass of Russian names: railway stations, petty officials, physicians, and friends of the family. We leave to our more witty readers the task of making puns at the expense of Dr. Nikitin, whose services, alas, were unavailing. Our geographical experts, too, will find employment in trying to determine where the action is taking place. And our literary friends will be either indignant or amused — depending on the degree of sophistication that we have helped them to develop — at the attitude of the ordinary person on the depot platform that proved to be the dying author's life-terminus. To the question, 'For what is he celebrated?' the most usual answer was, 'God only knows.'

* * *

A first-class scare is in store for all the friends of France who read about Germany's Ku Klux Klans. According to Mr. Pollack, the Fatherland is rife with military organizations formed by bellicose youths for the purposes of national defense and incidental amusement. The best and most fearsome is the V. V. V., which stands for *Vereinigte Vaterländischen Verbände.*

* * *

A contributor to a Tory review might well be expected to sympathize with Mussolini a little more than the Liberal whose opinions we printed some weeks ago. Yoï Maraini was accorded the honor of an interview and she succeeds in communicating to the reader the terrific impression that the experience made on her.

* * *

'Europe's rule in Asia is doomed,' asserts the oracular Professor Lederer. But Arnaldo Cipolla finds Korea a land of morning calm broken only by a wandering Chinaman who assured the visitor that his country would kick Japan out of Asia one of these days.

* * *

'The Panther Man' is not, as we sport-lovers might suppose, the sobriquet of a professional wrestler or boxer. On the contrary, the bearer of the title is a Central American revolutionary of whom Señor Martínez writes an imaginative character-sketch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *MAY 24, 1924* — NO. 4168

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE FRENCH PRESS AND THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S address at the annual dinner of the Associated Press last April received more attention from British and Continental newspapers than any other public pronouncement of the moment. Mr. Coolidge had a good press abroad; though this may be discounted a little by the studied friendliness that characterizes all European references to authoritative statements of policy from Washington. The least stereotyped approval appeared in French leading articles. Editors seldom failed to note the President's allusion to official corruption, but most of them glided over this passage with a deprecatory gesture. The main thing is that our Government will lend its good-will to financing the Reparations settlement recommended by the Dawes Commission. The President's statement that we shall not join the League is interpreted as for campaign consumption, and more stress is laid upon his endorsement of the International Court of Justice.

With reference to immigration, *Le Temps* says: 'It is not our function to discuss the decisions that our American friends take in a matter that lies within their exclusive jurisdiction. We only note that Italy's emigration question is likely to become increasingly embarrassing for her Government, and it is not a matter of indifference for the repose of Europe.' That journal considers Mr. Coolidge's proposal that the United States take the initiative in a plan to codify international law as very laudable, but setting forth upon a path beset by many difficulties. His reference to a second conference to limit armaments elicits the comment: 'Did the previous conference at Washington really limit naval armaments? No. It merely decided that naval rivalry should be confined to certain kinds of vessels, out of consideration for budgetary burdens. That rivalry has merely become the keener in the field still left open. It would be impossible to divide the armaments question into these watertight compartments when we come to discussing preparedness on land.'

Journal des Débats regards the President's disarmament proposal as

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'an obligatory article in electoral campaigns across the Atlantic as well as across the English Channel. . . . The only way to pave the way for disarmament is through wise foreign policies and ample precautions against disturbers of the peace.'

Naturally the question of Interallied indebtedness comes to the front in practically all this comment. *Journal des Débats*, just quoted, says: —

> We have always said that the more Europe talks about annulling the Interallied debts the less is our chance of securing concessions from America. Our policy here should be to cultivate the friendliness of America, which may become very effective on occasion, and to set aside that part of our claim against Germany that corresponds to our debt to our Allies. The French Government realizes this and shapes its conduct accordingly. But now and then imprudent statements are made in France, and cabled to America, that produce a deplorable impression. It would be well for everyone on this side of the Atlantic in the future to keep a close watch over his tongue. Let us leave to the Americans themselves the working-out of a just solution.

*

UNDER THE SOVIET STAR

General de Lacroix, writing in *Le Temps* of April 19, 1924, says that the Red Army now numbers 600,000 men, consisting of seventeen army corps and fifty-two infantry divisions, of which twenty are stationed on the western border. Twelve of the fifty-two divisions have been converted within a year into territorial divisions, each of which has only 1500 troops constantly under the colors, though its theoretical strength when fully recruited is about 13,000 men. The process of converting the standing army into territorial troops — a sort of national militia — will probably continue. General de Lacroix reports that the first annual encampment of the militia proved a failure, and does not expect the reorganization on a territorial basis to prove satisfactory. The cavalry has been reduced to ten divisions and nine autonomous brigades, which is large compared with the infantry strength. The artillery is not uniformly equipped and lacks modern heavy artillery. The aviation force has four hundred airplanes and fifty hydroplanes.

Reports that the Soviet leaders are fighting among themselves and have relapsed into terrorist tactics must be accepted with some reserve, but there are so many symptoms of growing tension inside the Bolshevist Government that they can hardly be due entirely to reactionary propaganda. The return of capitalism to Russia from Western Europe, even under the Soviet star, naturally arouses deep discontent in a proletariat that has been taught by years of intensive propaganda to hate both the foreigner and the capitalist. A recent pamphlet published under the auspices of *Izvestia*, the Soviet Government daily, shows how far the internal dissensions among the Communist Party leaders have gone. This pamphlet is a bitter attack upon Zinoviev, a high priest of Communism and President of the Third International. It accuses him among other things of keeping a change of costume in the automobile with which he visits Communist mass-meetings to address the comrades in a workingman's cap and blouse, so that immediately after leaving the hall he can resume 'his elegant bourgeois garb.'

La France Militaire asserts that Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Stalin, assisted by Bukharin, Dzerzhinskii, Safarov, and Kalinin, planned to concentrate the power left by Lenin in the Central Party Committee, which they control. But they blundered clumsily into print with their plans in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Party organ, *Pravda*, thereby precipitating an open break with their rivals, headed by Trotskii. They accuse the latter in *Pravda* of 'desiring a change. He wants to shake off the Party and to replace the old guard of Lenin with comrades who wish to de-Bolshevize the Bolsheviki. The Party has never permitted that, and will not permit it in the future.'

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung is publishing a series of articles upon economic conditions in Russia based upon Soviet statistics, checked by the information from other sources that Hugo Stinnes's representatives had gathered in that country. In 1921 the manufacturing product of the country had fallen to about one fifth the value immediately before the war. It has about doubled during the past two years, constituting at present 40.29 per cent of the 1914 valuation. The amount of coal mined in the Donets basin has likewise approximately doubled since 1921, though it has not yet reached one half the pre-war figure. Railway freight tonnage is little more than one fourth what it was in 1913; the area of cultivation is two thirds as large as that year. The decline in live stock is equally striking, although there has been some improvement within the last twelve months, due partly to the importation of over 300,000 horses from Asia. Rumors are current that the Soviet Government has ceased to export grain, thus reversing the policy it adopted last year.

Lenin, like tsars and emperors in the past, is becoming the subject of legend among the unlettered Russian masses. So insistent are the reports that he is still alive that the Soviet authorities directed that popular lectures upon his life and work be given in all schools, workingmen's clubs, and similar centres of popular instruction, on his birthday, April 23, in the course of which special stress was laid upon the incidents of his illness and death.

The *Economic Review of the Foreign Press* summarizes from *Neptune* a report made by Professor Fersman, a member of the Moscow Academy of Science, at the opening of the Moscow engineering course, upon the economic survey of Russia's resources, already described in a brief article published in the *Living Age* of February 23. The speaker 'stated that the Sédof Expedition to the Polar regions had succeeded in devising a means of predicting the formation of ice in the northern regions one year in advance and of thus finding a safe route for navigating the Arctic Ocean. In 1923 a Soviet expedition attained the extreme end of Nova Zembla, called Franz Josef Land, the tomb of explorers, which the most daring Norwegian sailors have in vain attempted to reach. On this ground the expedition installed a wireless station, the most northerly station in the world, and connecting with Russia. Research work carried on in Fergana resulted in 1923 in the discovery of important radium deposits, and Russia now owns her own radium, which will enable her to make great strides in scientific progress. At the mouth of the River Yenisei magnificent platinum deposits have been discovered, and the active prospecting being carried out near the Polar Circle is likely to reveal further deposits of this metal. At about one hundred kilometres from Petrograd rich aluminium deposits have been found in red earth. Finally, the tannic sediment of the lakes between Petrograd and Moscow has been under examination for six years, and quite recently a new mineral, called "sagratel," was discovered in the slime, and is supposed to contain the secret of the formation of naphtha. Over eight hundred expeditions are expected to take place in 1924.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH NEWSPAPER FINANCE

THE early spring issues of the principal financial weeklies and dailies of Great Britain, including the Labor Party organ, the *Daily Herald*, carried conspicuous advertisements inviting public subscriptions for the preference shares of Allied Newspapers, Ltd. *The Nation and the Athenæum* criticizes this campaign as 'utilizing a boom period . . . to unload on the public the financial risk and burden of one of the most speculative of industries, while retaining for the inner ring the surplus profits, if any, together with complete control of the newspapers, in return for next to nothing.' This follows the recent flotation of the Rothermere Newspaper Trust on an almost equally ambitious basis.

Last autumn the Daily Mail Trust purchased the Hulton Press for between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000. It is now disposing of a portion of the Hulton Press — these properties minus the *Daily Sketch* and the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* — to the general public for well toward $4,000,000 more than it paid for the entire group.

But this is only part of the story, for the sellers retain the common stock, with complete business control of the property. The promoters received about $2,000,000 for thus providing the public with an opportunity to invest in the new enterprise — part of which doubtless was spent on advertising. Until within the last two years this newspaper group has not earned more than three and one half per cent upon the capitalization represented by the new preference shares, instead of the eight per cent cumulative dividends now promised to holders. *The Nation and the Athenæum* concludes its article with this comment: —

The episode is now over. The money of the public is engaged, and we must hope for the best. But we can draw the moral from this and other recent experiences that the power of large-scale advertising in securing the savings of the public is altogether excessive. It means, first of all, that very large issues of capital have an undue advantage over moderate issues which cannot support the expense of an intensive campaign in newspapers and through outside brokers. It means also that a company which squanders a fifth or a tenth of its capital in getting floated is more likely to secure capital than one which does not, yet is, by precisely that amount, a worse investment. The source of the trouble probably lies in the fact that savings, very substantial in the aggregate, accumulate in the hands of investors who are not in touch with regular stockbrokers, and find it much easier to invest in response to appeals advertised in the press than in any other way. It is impossible to prevent offers for sale at an unduly high price. But an addition to our Company Law, prohibiting expenditure on underwriting and issue expenses in excess of a prescribed percentage of the capital on offer, might check a growing abuse. We cannot afford to allow the direction of the savings of the public by advertisement into inferior channels.

No one in the City seems to think it his duty to protect the public, when these episodes occur. Yet it is low standards in such matters, not Socialism or Bolshevism, which are the real enemy of the system for which the City stands.

DOLDRUMS ON THE DARDANELLES

FRANZ KARL ENDREZ, who served for many years as a major in the Ottoman army, writing from Constantinople to *Berliner Tageblatt*, thus describes conditions in that city: —

Business is at a standstill, partly because there is little money in circulation, and the city was cut off from Anatolia during the Allied Occupation. The latter province suffered so from the war that it has not yet recovered sufficiently to afford even a fraction of its former trade. Business is further paralyzed by the timidity of the old merchant class, the Greeks and the Armenians,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who do not know which way to turn, and are hoarding their capital instead of investing it. Wild rumors are current in Pera to the effect that the Armenians and Greeks will soon be driven out of Constantinople, the last Turkish city where they are still allowed to reside.

Although the Turkish Government has not denied the latter report, Major Endrez considers such action improbable. The economic argument against it weighs heavier than the political argument in its favor. Like all other dictatorships — for such the present republic virtually is — the Turkish Government is irritable and suspicious.

It has shown anything but a friendly attitude toward Christian communities and institutions of late; it has removed the crucifixes and religious pictures from the schools; it no longer permits teachers to wear their religious garb in the classroom. Yet these measures have practically no religious motive. They are due rather to the kind of rationalism that characterized the great French Revolution, and a desire to emphasize Turkish sovereignty. For the same reason, European shop-signs are disappearing and Turkish script is used on menu cards and in business records.

Upon the whole, Constantinople has lost many of its old attractions for the European tourist or resident. He no longer enjoys his old prestige and privileges. Since the capitulations have been abolished, he is subject to Turkish law, bars and cafés are for the most part closed, and few theatres are running. The Westernization of the Turkish metropolis, which proceeded so rapidly during the Allied Occupation, has received an abrupt setback.

✻

FOOLING THE PUBLIC

RADICAL papers in Germany used as campaign material against the reactionary and militarist parties the following dispatches. The first is the army report issued to the German public after the Battle of the Marne, the second is the true report received by the General Staff.

I. OFFICIAL. *Grand Headquarters. September 28, evening.* — No decisive fighting has occurred so far to-day on the right wing in France. The front between the Oise and the Maas has in general been quiet. The army attacking the Maas front repelled repeated French sallies from Verdun and Toul.

II. OFFICIAL. *Grand Headquarters. September 28, evening.* — After the German Western army had crossed Belgium, eliminated the fortresses in Northern France, and beaten the Anglo-French army in several battles, it was forced to cease pursuit in view of information that the French were about to take the offensive, using the fortresses of Paris and Verdun as supporting points, against both wings of our advancing army.

In the west the enemy succeeded, with his superior forces, in breaking our extended front line at Château-Thierry. For strategic reasons it was necessary to withdraw the army units of the right wing, which was threatened on both flanks by the enveloping movement from Paris and the break through our lines. As a consequence, we had to retire later our centre and right wing, which were victoriously advancing.

The armies withdrew from a line east of Paris through Montmirail, Vitry-le-François, Chaumont, northward of a line passing through Noyon, Soissons, Reims, Verdun. Our victorious troops in French Lorraine withdrew to the German boundary.

While the French followed up our retirement in Alsace-Lorraine with only weak forces, they, in conjunction with the English, attacked our Noyon-Reims-Verdun front vigorously. These attacks and counterattacks developed into a great battle between the Oise and the Maas, without decisive result at any point up to date.

The enemy attempted to utilize his extensive railway facilities to attack our right wing with superior forces and envelop our right flank. Both movements were checked by appropriate countermeasures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ITALO-SWISS BORDER FRICTION

MUSSOLINI'S Government has protested to Switzerland on account of alleged hostile demonstrations against Italy by Swiss soldiers stationed near the frontier. On the other hand, the Swiss Government complains that one of its municipal officials, the Burgomaster of Ponte Tresa, was beaten up by Fascisti while visiting his daughter, who is married to an Italian officer, at Varese, just across the border. Switzerland's southern canton, Ticino, is an Italian-speaking province, though its people are patriotic Swiss and have been so for many centuries. None the less, chauvinist dailies in Italy have printed cartoons virtually laying claim to this canton as Italian territory.

Voce Republicana of Rome deplores the incident as dangerous though ridiculous:—

If Switzerland did not exist we should have to invent her. What would these agitators of a weird Irredentism say if France were to occupy Geneva and Germany the German-speaking cantons? We have heard no rumor that the Ticino Republicans want to submerge themselves in our happy kingdom.

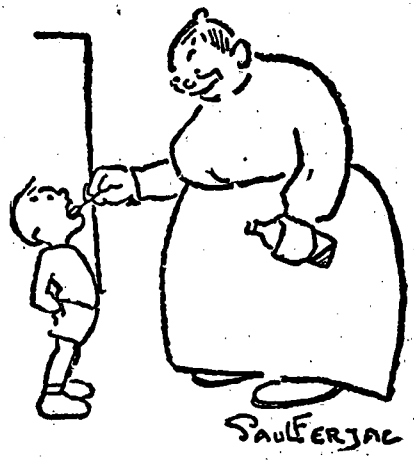
L'Europe Nouvelle cries with alarm:—

We have been within two fingers of a war between Italy and Switzerland, the danger of which, thank God, seems now to have been averted. . . . On the night of the Italian election the southern end of the boundary bridge (at Ponte Tresa) was occupied by young men in black shirts, celebrating noisily the success of their party and cheering Mussolini. A few honest Swiss militia watched placidly from the other bank this excitement, which disturbed somewhat the Sunday peace of their little village. Who knows what happened? Did some Swiss soldier, tired of it all, roughly send Mussolini to the devil? And did some excited Fascist express the hope of 'redeeming' Ticino? However that may be, the Black Shirts and the Green Tunics were soon exchanging a volley of abuse. . . . The next day, the mayor of the Swiss village, having some errand on the other side of the stream, was seized by the Fascisti and carried off to Como, where he was maltreated. . . . Eventually the Black Shirts, in battle array, brought him back to the bridge and dismissed him with the warning: 'We are six hundred armed men. Apologize, or we'll overrun Ticino and march to Saint Gothard.'

THE SWISS-ITALIAN BOUNDARY INCIDENT

A mischief-maker in Helvetia's garden.—*Nebelspalter*

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS



'You 'll make a splendid voter. You swallow everything you are told to.'—*Canard Enchaîné*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TOLSTOI DIED

BY GENERAL LVOV

[We print below a translation of the 'strictly confidential' report of the Chief of Police of the Moscow District upon Lev Tolstoi's death, which has just been unearthed by the Soviet authorities in the police records of that city.]

From *La Revue Mondiale, April 15*
(Paris Current-Affairs Semimonthly)

On the evening of October 31 of this year (1910), a few moments before train No. 12 left the station of Astapovo on the Riazan-Ural line, a lady passenger got out of a second-class car to ask the station-master to provide her with a room for a sick man, Count Tolstoi, whose condition was so serious that the doctor said he could not continue the trip. This young lady, who was later discovered to be Alexandra Lvovna Tolstoi, was given permission by the station-master to place her father and his traveling companions in his own room, since there was no other suitable room at the station, and the nearest village is some distance away. The room reserved for injured people had to be kept free for emergencies in case there should be an accident on the line. Tolstoi's traveling companions were Vladimir Chertkov, Doctor Makovitzki, and a young lady, Varvara Mikhailovna. Later, at the instance of the Assistant Department Director of Police, the Chief of Section, Captain Savitzkii, ascertained that this Varvara Mikhailovna was named Theocritov, that she was born at Saratov, and was Count Tolstoi's stenographer and also the companion of his daughter Alexandra.

At first the people accompanying Count Tolstoi seemed disinclined to give information regarding their movements. Alexandra Tolstoi stated that they had tickets as far as Novocherkassk, but it was later shown that the tickets were really for Rostov-on-the-Don.

When the tickets were shown the train conductor Alexandra Tolstoi requested that her father's destination should not be made public, but it was too late, for it was generally known at all the preceding stations, and even at Astapovo, that Count Tolstoi was one of the passengers on train No. 12, and that he was accompanied by the people just mentioned. Doctor Makovitski and the surgeon of the railway company, Stakhovskii, immediately gave medical attention to the sick man. Doctor Semionovskii, of the Zemstvo Hospital, was also summoned, but did not arrive until a few days later. All the people who attended the patient remained constantly in the station-master's apartment, and did not appear in public until they left on the seventh and eighth of November. No stranger was admitted to Tolstoi, and several efforts made to see him proved futile. An old schismatic living in the vicinity tried to do so, but was not admitted. Although it was generally known that Tolstoi was at the station, it did not create any excitement. The residents of the neighborhood and the passengers on the trains showed no special interest in the fact.

Beginning with November 2, Tolstoi's friends began to arrive, among them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Berkenheim and the pianist Goldenweiser. On November 3 there was a consultation with Nikitin, a Moscow physician who had just come. The diagnosis was that Tolstoi was suffering from a catarrhal inflammation affecting the tips of both lungs, but that heart weakness rather than this inflammation was the principal danger. On account of the latter, the patient occasionally lost consciousness.

On the night of November 3, Tolstoi's family came by special train — his wife, Sofia Andreevna, his daughter Tatiana, Madame Sukhotin, his sons Andrei and Mikhail, and a nurse, Madame Skorobogatov. Their car was sidetracked near the station-master's apartment. Not one of the members of the family was permitted to see the patient. When the special train arrived, some of the employees were attracted by curiosity to the platform, but, learning that they could not see any of the new arrivals, they soon left and the station resumed its ordinary aspect. On the fourth of November, Prince Obolenskii, Governor of Riazan, arrived. He asked Captain Savitzkii of the gendarmes what the situation was, and directed that officer to keep him exactly informed as to Tolstoi's condition, as to the persons who came to the station, and as to the general state of public sentiment. The Governor was assured that there had been no excitement, that eight non-commissioned officers had been added to the four regularly detailed to the station in order to assure perfect control of the situation, and that up to the present it had not been necessary to take any special measures to maintain order in view of the small number of visitors.

At the direction of the general superintendent of the railway, a few less reliable people — that is, newspaper correspondents — were lodged in a railway building which no one was permitted to enter except with a special permit issued by the authorities. The superintendent of buildings and the gendarme officers had been ordered to admit no person either to the building where the journalists were or to the railway station without this special permit. Consequently no meeting of any kind could be held in the building assigned the journalists, and no unauthorized person could enter the station. Furthermore, the newspaper correspondents had given no grounds for uneasiness since they had arrived.

Thanks to the fact that one of the telegraph operators and the Captain of Gendarmes, Savitzkii, were close friends, it was possible to read the telegrams received and dispatched. In that way the authorities were kept constantly conversant with all the correspondence relating to Tolstoi's detention at Astapovo. This correspondence revealed to some extent the attitude of the press and of Tolstoi's admirers toward what was occurring at Astapovo, and gave no reason to suppose that the incident would be utilized in a way detrimental to internal order, although only three of the journalists were Russians. All the others were either Jews or of Jewish descent.

The first day that the correspondents were at the station they demanded that the building and the buffet be kept open all day long for their convenience. Upon learning that the regulations specified that both should be open only at certain hours, they telegraphed a complaint to me and likewise to their newspapers, charging the Government and the gendarmes with trying to keep visitors away from the station. But as accommodations were being provided for them at that time, and they were installed in comfortable lodgings on the evening of November 4, several felt that the situation demanded that they retract their hasty complaint against the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government in their newspapers, since it was due to an erroneous interpretation of the acts of the authorities.

On November 5 nearly everyone who had any legitimate reason to come to Astapovo in connection with Tolstoi's illness had arrived. Indeed, only a few came the next day. Including members of the family and correspondents, there were altogether thirty-two people. Among the later arrivals were J. I. Gorbunov, representing the Posrednik publishing house; Princess Obolenskii, Tolstoi's niece; A. Prokhorov, a Moscow merchant; Vladimir Filosofov, whose daughter married one of Tolstoi's sons; and the wife of Andrei Tolstoi.

Tolstoi's family, except his daughter Alexandra, took dinner and supper in the station dining-room, where they often conversed with their relatives and friends, and with the correspondents. Countess Sofia Andreevna was always accompanied and assisted when she walked by the nurse, Madame Skorobogatov. She gave the impression of an old lady in very feeble health, who moved with difficulty. When she was in the station restaurant, she was almost always seated and silent, taking no part in the conversation. At rare intervals she was heard to complain because she was not permitted to see her husband. She mentioned Chertkov several times in connection with this. From certain phrases it was easy to conclude that Tolstoi's family was not permitted to see him for reasons having nothing to do with his state of health. Later Andrei Tolstoi, in talking with Captain Savitzkii, expressed the opinion that his father was kept separated from his family, and particularly from his wife, by Chertkov's influence over the physicians and his sister Alexandra. Countess Sofia Andreevna Tolstoi expressed surprise, because formerly when Lev Nikolaevich was ill she and her children could see him without disturbing him or prejudicing his health, while now they were sedulously kept away from him.

As all intercourse between Count Tolstoi and his relatives and friends — either personal or by writing — was controlled by his daughter Alexandra and by Chertkov, who never left Tolstoi's room, the Count did not learn that a telegram had come addressed to him from Metropolitan Anthony, appealing to him to reconcile himself with the Church. This telegram was not answered. A little later a telegram was received from Monk Joseph of Optina Pustyn Monastery, where Tolstoi had taken refuge on several occasions during his religious crises, asking if he could see Tolstoi on the evening of November 5, and talk with him. I handed this telegram to Alexandra Tolstoi. She replied that the condition of her father's health did not permit him to see anybody, and that a telegram should be sent to Monk Joseph to this effect.

Astapovo station is nominally very quiet except during the arrival of trains in the morning and evening — that is, about meal hours, when the travelers and others fill the station and dining-room. The number of local residents who came to the station was not larger than usual when trains arrived. Local interest regarding Tolstoi's presence speedily subsided. Captain Savitzkii is personally convinced that not one of the peasants whom business brought to the station, and with most of whom he talked, knew who Tolstoi was. When he asked them: 'Who is at the station now?' some would answer: 'Count Tolstoi.' Others did not even know his name. Not a single one could say anything definite regarding him, and when asked: 'For what is he celebrated?' the usual answer was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'God knows!' The station-master's apartment opens upon the station courtyard, and during the whole time that Tolstoi occupied it there was a going and coming there at train time, because just at this season military trains were constantly passing, bringing home reservists and taking away new recruits, whose relatives and friends accompanied them to the station. Only rarely, however, did anyone approach Tolstoi's apartment. The people went directly from their villages to the station, and from there back home.

On the evening of November 4 the Governor left for Urusovo, leaving instructions that he should be notified immediately by telegraph in case his personal instructions were required. General Globa, Commander of Gendarmes at Riazan, who had come with the Governor, returned to Riazan, considering it unnecessary to detail secret agents. He asked Captain Savitzkii to notify him if he discovered any agitators or suspicious characters in the vicinity or considered it advisable to take special precautions regarding strangers. Nothing of that kind occurred, and he was merely notified on November 7 of Tolstoi's death.

The general manager of the Riazan-Ural line reached Astapovo on November 5 and took immediate measures to improve telegraphic communication between that point and Moscow, besides assisting in every way possible the members of the family and others who arrived at the station — securing lodgings for them and looking after their comfort. Beds were put in the building assigned the newspaper correspondents, and the station-master's own office was placed at their service for writing, since the Captain of Gendarmes requested that they should not be admitted to the telegraph office, where they would be in immediate vicinity of the instruments and might accidentally or intentionally learn the contents of official dispatches.

At first there was little change in Tolstoi's condition, though the first evening he seemed so much better that rumors of his possible recovery got abroad. He was perfectly conscious and showed interest in all those who surrounded him. Having learned from certain articles brought from Iasnaia Poliana that his daughter Tatiana and his son Sergei had arrived, he had them called in. However, his wife and his other children were not permitted to see him, and their presence at Astapovo was kept a secret from him.

The same day the Departmental Sub-Director of Police arrived, accompanied by Captain Dolgov, Sub-Director of the Okhrana (or secret police). These gentlemen were lodged in a first-class compartment car, which had been detached at the station in case high officials should arrive. The Governor of Riazan likewise occupied this car on his return from Urusovo. Sub-Director Kharlamov instructed Captain Savitzkii to keep his presence an absolute secret, but Captain Savitzkii informed him that just as the train was arriving one of the train conductors, having seen his personal permit, asked who he was. The Captain answered that Kharlamov was connected with the Department of Public Works, which satisfied the conductor. Consequently no one living at the station knew that the Sub-Director was there, and his arrival caused no comment.

Having learned from the report of the station-master that a telegram had arrived from Metropolitan Anthony, addressed to Tolstoi, the Sub-Director expressed a desire to know its contents, and Captain Savitzkii showed him the original dispatch. He also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

submitted a report of all that had happened at the station, including the arrival of the Superior of the Optina Pustyn Monastery, Father Varsonofii, and of the priest, Panteleimon. The Sub-Director instructed Captain Savitzkii to learn why they had come to Astapovo — that is, whether they had come of their own accord or at somebody's orders. Father Varsonofii, when questioned by the Captain regarding this, answered evasively. He told the correspondent of *Novoe Vremia* that he had come of his own accord to see Tolstoi, who wanted to see him the last time he visited Optina Pustyn, but had not had an opportunity. Captain Savitzkii learned in the course of a private conversation with Father Varsonofii, confidentially, that he had come to Astapovo on an errand for the Holy Synod, that he was commissioned to prepare the ground for a reconciliation between Tolstoi and the Orthodox Church.

As is known, that object was not attained. The monk was refused an interview with Tolstoi in spite of the personal intervention in his behalf of Countess Sofia Andreevna and his son Andrei who, although eager to arrange an interview with Tolstoi, were not able to overcome the opposition of Alexandra Lvovna and Chertkov. Father Varsonofii wrote a letter to Alexandra Tolstoi in which he promised her that he would not enter into any religious argument with her father likely to excite him, that all he wished was 'to see Tolstoi and give him his blessing.' Varsonofii said confidentially that he had brought the Eucharist with him, and that if Tolstoi merely uttered these words, 'I repent,' he would consider, in virtue of his authority, that the latter had abjured his false doctrines and would administer the last sacrament to him as a member of the Orthodox Church. This letter was handed to Andrei Tolstoi, who transmitted it to Alexandra Tolstoi through a third person; but she did not answer it.

In speaking of Tolstoi's sojourn at Optina Pustyn, Varsonofii said that on two occasions the Count went to the door of the cell of Monk Joseph, with whom he had been very friendly previously, but did not go in; and that he had said in the cell of his sister that he had decided not to enter, thinking that he would not be received because he had been 'excommunicated.' Father Varsonofii was present at this conversation of Tolstoi with his sister, the widow of Prince Obolenskii. All this information was transmitted by Captain Savitzkii to the Sub-Director of Police.

The bulletins regarding Tolstoi's condition, issued on the night of November 6 and signed by all the physicians, including Shchurovskii and Usov, who had arrived from Moscow, expressed great concern because of the patient's heart weakness, which had resulted during the last few days in several cardiac crises. The patient's condition grew constantly worse from that day on, and caused serious concern; most of the time he was unconscious, recovering consciousness only for brief intervals. On such occasions he called to him his daughter Tatiana and his son Sergei, who were undoubtedly under the constant surveillance of Alexandra Tolstoi and Chertkov. During his periods of consciousness Tolstoi also asked to have certain passages of his *Reader's Garland* read to him, or talked with those surrounding him, showing interest in the people whom he had not seen with him before, as for instance Doctor Shchurovskii and Doctor Usov. About one o'clock in the afternoon, when he was fully conscious, Tolstoi took the hand of his daughter Tatiana, who was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the bedside, and said: 'Well, this is the end.' The same day and during the night of the seventh, the physicians had recourse to camphor and morphine injections.

Life ran on as usual at the railway station and in the village. There were not many newcomers at this time, and the concern felt for Tolstoi's condition expressed itself only in the activity of the correspondents, and frequent consultations between the members of the family and the physicians. The residents of the neighborhood and the employees of the railway, with a very few exceptions, seemed to take little interest in the bulletins from the station-master's apartment. Father Varsonofii, at his own request, was taken to the car occupied by the Countess Tolstoi about six o'clock in the evening. The Countess was asleep and the monk was not received. He did not see her later. On the night of November 7 the patient's condition grew worse, and at two o'clock in the morning all the members of the family were summoned to his bedside. After a morphine injection the patient became calm and fell asleep. Thereupon Countess Tolstoi and some of the children retired to their private car. Tolstoi did not recover consciousness again up to his death. About five o'clock in the morning all the family assembled once more, but he recognized no one and did not speak. At five minutes past six he expired.

During the night no one was in the vicinity of the room he occupied except the members of the family and the correspondents. Now and then the local railway officials were on the platform. No stranger was admitted to the death chamber until ten o'clock the next morning. Then visitors began to come, having learned of Tolstoi's death.

Train No. 8 on November 7 brought Parfenii, the Archbishop of Tula, to Astapovo. Through the monk who accompanied him, he requested Captain Savitzkii to come to his compartment. As soon as they were alone and the door closed, the Archbishop said: 'The Holy Synod has sent me, at the personal wish of the Tsar, to learn if there was no indication while Tolstoi was at Astapovo that the Count wished to repent of his errors; or possibly some allusion indicating that he would not object to an Orthodox funeral. I should like to be clearly informed regarding all this by some member of his family. Tell me whom I should consult.'

As Andrei had shown the friendliest attitude toward the representatives of the Government, he was invited to visit the Archbishop in his compartment. Their conversation lasted nearly ten minutes. After Andrei Tolstoi left, the Archbishop summoned Captain Savitzkii again and related to him the substance of the conversation with Andrei Tolstoi, at the same time requesting him to write a telegram informing the Holy Synod that his mission had been unsuccessful. According to the statement of the Archbishop, Andrei Tolstoi, when asked the opinion of his father and of other members of the family regarding the possibility of an Orthodox funeral, said that he did not know that his father had expressed any definite wish upon that subject. But in view of the fact that during his last days the deceased had shown a kindlier attitude toward the institutions and the officials of the Orthodox Church, Andrei Tolstoi thought that he might have welcomed an opportunity, if not to reconcile himself completely with the Church, at least to avoid any misunderstanding regarding his funeral.

To this Andrei Tolstoi added that his relatives and intimates said the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deceased had written some instructions for his funeral, but no one knew if he expressed there any desire to be buried according to the Orthodox rites. Andrei indicated that his sister, Tatiana Sukhotin, probably knew of the existence of this note among his other papers at Iasnaia Poliana. The latter, who left Astapovo in the same coach with Archbishop Parfenii, knew of her brother's conversation with the Archbishop, but refused to speak to him. Andrei Tolstoi told the Archbishop — lowering his voice — that if the deceased was buried according to the Orthodox rites the other members of the family would protest for fear of violating the wishes of their father, who had not expressed a definite wish to be buried according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. As to the memorandum, the existence of which they did not deny, they did not know if Tolstoi expressed in it opposition to an Orthodox funeral.

These conversations convinced Archbishop Parfenii that there was no reason to believe that Tolstoi wished to reconcile himself with the Church, or desired to be buried with Orthodox rites. That is why the Archbishop said, when he took leave of Captain Savitzkii: 'I can go now and report to the Holy Synod that it is impossible to give Tolstoi Christian burial.'

On November 7, several hours after Tolstoi's death, Alexandra Tolstoi, Chertkov, and Mlle. Theocritov left for Iasnaia Poliana. Doctor Makovitzki left the following day with the other members of the Tolstoi family.

After ten o'clock in the morning, at the desire of the family and with the authorization of the Government, strangers were permitted to enter the death chamber. The deceased was dressed in a gray blouse, and was left on the bed until the following morning. There was nothing that the Orthodox are accustomed to place around the dead — that is to say, no candles, no cross, no little icon between his hands. It happened that Ozolin, the station-master, was a Protestant, and did not have an icon in his room. The bed was decorated with pine boughs. There were only a few visitors — railway employees and villagers. One could see that they came to gratify their curiosity, and to say they had seen something they had read about in the newspapers. On the day of Tolstoi's death, someone suggested that wreaths be brought, one in the name of the railway employees of the Riazan-Ural line, the other in the name of the employees of Astapovo station. The superintendent of the road ordered the former, the assistant station-master the latter. At eight o'clock that next morning the two wreaths arrived from Moscow. On the ribbon of the first was the inscription: 'The employees of the Riazan-Ural railway to Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoi.' On the second: 'The employees of Astapovo railway station to the great Lev Tolstoi.'

On the evening of November 7, Captain Bondarskii of the Eighteenth Regiment of Hussars and M. Kishkin arrived at Astapovo from Elets, to express their sympathy to the family. The same evening Kharlamov, the Departmental Sub-Director of Police, left for Tula. Father Varsonofii had an audience with the Governor and left for Optina Pustyn.

Visitors were allowed to see Tolstoi's body until very late in the evening. There was no disorder. At eight the following morning the body was placed in a simple oak coffin without the inscriptions and embellishments used by the Orthodox, and covered with a drapery of white muslin. The same day an artist arrived from Moscow, who took two death masks and made some sketches of the deceased. About

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eleven o'clock in the morning people who wished to visit the death chamber were again admitted. Their number was considerably augmented after the arrival of the morning train from Moscow. Some students and workingmen kissed the hands of the deceased. No visitors were admitted later than one o'clock in the afternoon. After the members of the family and intimate friends had paid their last respects to the corpse, the uncovered coffin was carried out and placed in a railway coach. Just then a number of people, including students and young girls, began to sing 'Eternal Memory,' but the song was immediately stopped by the orders of the police. A special train was made up with one coach for the body and the family and another for the manager of the railway and the correspondents. Three coaches were then added for those who wished to accompany the corpse. The number of persons who participated in this ceremony was about three hundred and fifty. The train left Astapovo station at 1.15 P.M. As it drew out of the station a few people in the crowd cheered.

MUSSOLINI, MAN OF MANY INTERESTS

BY YOÏ MARAINI

From the *Saturday Review, April 5*
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

As I walked up the steps of the dignified Chigi Palace, formerly the Austrian Embassy, that is now the home of the Italian Foreign Office, I was struck anew by the extraordinary grandeur of Roman palaces. The steps are wider and lower than steps are anywhere else, and the enormous height of the rooms and passages gives a sense of space that even the broad friezes and heavy painted ceilings do not succeed in crushing.

As soon as I arrived, I was shown into the President's beautiful room, where a huge pot of pink azaleas at once caught my eye. The walls are hung with historical tapestries, and above the doors in niches are placed busts of Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, Marcus Aurelius, and Trajan. The room is delightfully free of furniture, emphasizing thus its largeness, but a few tables, a cupboard, and two huge eighteenth-century globes — one of the earth and one of the sky — make a charming effect on the wide and empty floor-spaces. It was indeed a walk from the door to the table where, near to a window, Mussolini sat; and I was grateful that, as I was nearing it, he rose and came to meet me to shake hands. He then sat down on the other side of a table that rivals the wall of China, and I sat on a high armchair facing him.

Up to the moment when I saw him seated, and before I had seen his face clearly or had heard his voice speaking of something that interested him, I had not felt in the least impressed. Other great men, in other beautiful rooms, receive journalists and give their opin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ions on events as if what they said had an eternal significance. But as he was speaking I realized with a rush that I was in the presence of a man different from other men, a really great man, a man of education in the widest sense of the word, with a stupendous brain combined with a rare quality of imagination, and suddenly I was afraid. I was facing a solitary spirit, a vital force whom one could only hope to know, even remotely, through a flash of intuition.

He has yet another gift, as I soon found out, and one which every Anglo-Saxon values: that is a keen sense of humor. This will probably help to keep alive in him that self-criticism, the loss of which means the loss of a man's greatness. Once or twice, later on during our talk, he turned to me with a smile.

'You will know, I think, when I am joking, and you will not write down, as people have sometimes done, a laughing word as a serious statement. Indeed, words have been printed as having been spoken by me — words that I most certainly have never uttered.'

His face is not in the least as it is shown in the photographs and pictures we see in the shop windows, where he appears to be always glowering. He has beautiful dark-brown eyes which glow from within, clear-cut, strongly marked features, and a pale complexion, and there is in his expression a spiritual quality mixed with a sad gentleness when his face is in repose.

With truly Latin understanding he helped me to recover my courage, and I asked if he would care to speak in English, as I knew that he is studying the language. He laughed. 'When I know English as well as I know French and German and my own language, then I will speak it; for the present I keep to reading English.'

Here he pointed to a few books close to him on the table. I would have given a good deal to read their titles, but these were hidden by papers.

Mussolini then went on to talk of the arts, and as he was speaking, and got more and more interested in the subject, he rose and came to the side of the table. Counting on the fingers of his hand, he said: —

'This is how I place the importance of the various arts. I mean, of course, their importance to me. First, music.' Here he held and shook his thumb. 'Yes, music first of all and above all. Then architecture, then poetry, then sculpture, and then painting, and so on. And I put music first because it is the most easily communicated. When I take my violin and play, I get at once into touch with the music of whatever country it may be; I get into the soul of that music; it is mine, a part of me. You know what Shakespeare says of music — and Shelley too.'

As he spoke of Shelley he took up a book and held it in his hands looking down at it.

'Shelley is music.'

I must here say, what few people know, that Mussolini plays the violin well and that, among the English poets, Shelley is the one that appeals to the mystic in him. These things he did not tell me himself. The first I was told by a friend of his who had often heard him play; the second I judged, myself, was the reason of his fondness for Shelley.

This love of Shelley may, perhaps, throw a light on the secret of his vast power over his countrymen, and over all who come in contact with him: Mussolini is an idealist. He asks men to make sacrifices for an ideal, because, with his spirit's clear vision, he sees that we must give all to gain all. He is ready to give even his life for the cause he holds dear — that is, the work of Fascism as a constructive force for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restoration of discipline and devotion as an ideal of life.

As time was passing, I hurried — unwillingly, I must confess, for Mussolini has vivid and fresh views on the arts — to ask him other questions.

'I feel certain that readers would be most interested to know your point of view with regard to the economic future of Europe in general, and how far you think that the working-class public is likely to go on demanding a rate of wages which is entirely uneconomic; in other words, how long are people likely to expect to be paid more than they are actually earning?'

The President, with clear, wide-open eyes, looked for a moment thoughtfully in front of him. Then he began. I quote him word for word: —

'I believe that Europe is already on the way to restoration. The problem that the war left was not an economic problem, but a spiritual one. War impresses the spirit of a people even more profoundly than it lacerates their economic structure, and it is vividly reflected in the education of the masses, in their attitude to work, and in their manner of living. There has been in Europe, and for the matter of that, also in America and in Japan, a crisis of the workers which we may call a moral crisis; and this crisis, which devastated the régime of economic production, was used by the revolutionary elements of the whole world for their own ends.

'This crisis has in Italy been entirely overcome. With their good sense, and with their experience of many centuries, the Italian people after a short but dark period of disorder turned to a more normal conception of life, to more rigid habits of work, and to a tranquillity of spirit which promises to-day that the economic condition of Italy will help to surmount the difficulties of the general situation. For eighteen months now there have been no strikes in Italy, even though the conditions of living are as difficult here as anywhere else, and in spite of the fact that the restrictive laws of immigration, in some of the transatlantic countries, have reduced, in a very grave manner, our capacity of finding work. And yet Italy is to-day the country that in Europe enjoys the greatest stability.'

When Mussolini stopped speaking, I asked him: 'Will you please tell me what you consider is the best way to restore the ideal of work for its own sake, in opposition to a mere means of earning a wage, which some think is the root of all the present trouble?'

'It is only human that the worker should always desire a higher salary, and there is no system in the world that can crush this desire. A strong Government, one that truly represents the interests of a nation and in which the people of all classes have belief, must defend order and equilibrium in economic life. When this equilibrium is menaced or disturbed, then it must interfere. But no Government can make it its business to reduce workers to a mass of people who have no hope of bettering their economic condition. For the rest, recent Italian experiences demonstrate that when a country is well governed, and is also conscious of being well governed, workers do not make excessive demands.'

At this point a secretary came into the room with a message, and when we began to speak again, it was of other subjects. I said to the President: 'You know, of course, that it is said that on the whole English people are inclined to have a contempt for intellect, yet achieve character, and that most of the Latin races worship intellect but do not shine in character. Do you think Italy is an exception to this?'

'I do not believe in this dualism of intelligence and character. Certainly the Italian people is one of the most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intelligent in the world, and yet, see with what strength, with what faith, it has worked during the last hundred years that divide it from the poverty of the time after the Napoleonic conquest, and its greatness of to-day. If by character we mean a blind obstinacy and uncompromising fanaticism, then these are traits foreign to Italians, but if by character we mean a consciousness of ourselves, and our own dignity, then I must remind you of only one thing, and that is the fact that the two books on which, for over a century, the education of Italian youth has been based, are the *Primato* of Vincenzo Gioberti and the *Doveri dell'Uomo* of Mazzini. If you know, as I think you do, these two books, the enthusiasm with which they were received, and the influence they wield, you will understand how absurd it is to separate in these people the qualities of character and intelligence. As to the fact that the English people despises intellect, I believe this to be a legend. It may despise an empty intellectualism, but not intellect. There are few countries in the world where all manifestations of intelligence awake more interest and receive more honor than in England.'

As Mussolini finished speaking, Marchese Paolucci de Calboli Barone came in from his room, which is next to that of the President's, and with a laughing phrase Mussolini turned to speak of other things. As I again took up my notebook, he waved it aside, saying, 'No — don't write.'

'Do you,' I asked, 'want to speak, sometimes, without the sensation that a printing press is gobbling up your words?'

The President laughed like a happy boy, but in a moment his expression was once more serious.

There was, however, one more question that I wished to ask before I left. Since Fascism has come into power, it has been noticed that there is a striving for a greater frankness of speech, both in politics and in ordinary life. This is, to English people, an interesting change, for we have been used to finding Italian politeness a wall to any real intercourse. We felt debarred by it from ever being able to enter into the real life of the people we met. This politeness grew, it is needless to say, from too great a concern for the opinion of others, and from an anxiety to please; but this, instead of aiding, thwarted human relationships, because it was impossible to know when the person to whom we talked was really frank or merely polite.

All this I could not, of course, say to the President; but he, with the extraordinary quickness that is part of his genius, understood me at once when I said tentatively: 'Before I go, may I ask one more question, and that is: What does Fascism say about sincerity? It is a quality we English people love.'

Mussolini took up a heavy paperweight and thumped it down on the table; then, while holding my hand to say good-bye, he said with great force: 'Fascism is all for sincerity. *Sincerità fino alla brutalità*' — sincerity even to brutality.

English readers must not understand this word literally. In English the word 'brutality' has a stronger meaning than in Italian. Besides, it was a word used by a man who is the enemy of compromise and who wants to impress his countrymen with the value of clear speaking. We have, indeed, only to read his speeches to realize how frankly he spoke, even before he got into Parliament. He never tried to please the crowd, as Communist orators did, and still do, by promising an earthly Paradise of material comfort; no, he told the truth always, even at the risk of being hated. And this habit of sincerity will be one of his greatest gifts to his countrymen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY'S KU KLUX KLANS

BY HEINZ POLLACK

From *Vossische Zeitung, April* 13
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

'RIGHT-RADICAL' is an indefinite term, denoting many shades of political opinion. 'Left-Radical' is more specific, for it means the Communists. Who are the Right-Radicals? The members of the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei?* They are only a part of them. More correctly, the Right-Radicals include all the groups, clubs, and unions that call themselves either *völkisch*, German Nationalist, Pan-German, or National Socialist, together with the societies that bear such names as 'Fredericus,' 'Arminius,' 'Marschall Vorwärts,' and the like.

The German National People's Party is circulating an interesting campaign-document designed to win voters from still further to the Right, by showing that it is just as 'patriotic' as any of its rivals. This circular names six Nationalist Parties embracing seventy-three more or less secret political organizations.

We naturally ask why the authorities tolerate these seventy-three so-called 'patriotic unions,' whose main object is to overthrow the existing government. We are often told that the police have broken them up. This is true in a sense. But the societies merely change their names or amend their constitutions, or else unite with other similar organizations.

I shall now enumerate the more powerful and dangerous of these secret political clans. Nearly all of them are head organizations controlling a whole series of subordinate and affiliated societies.

First is the famous O. C. — *Organisation Consul* — the military tool of the Pan-German Union. The O. C. has recently absorbed the Viking Union and a young men's society known as the *Blücher Bund*. We must distinguish, however, between the O. C. in North Germany and in South Germany. The North German leaders have introduced the strictest form of military discipline among their lodges along the North Sea and Baltic coast. Those at Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck are highly trained and efficient armed units, in constant communication with each other. Alarms are carried from house to house by regularly detailed, trusted messengers. The official journal of the Northern O. C. is *Heimdall*, published at Rostock. Captain Ehrhardt is at the head of the Southern branch of this society, which publishes its own newspaper, *Fredericus*, at Munich. The total strength of the O. C. in all Germany is about ten thousand men.

The *Völkischer Kampfbund*, like the sister organization just mentioned, also has a Northern and a Southern branch. The North section is commanded by the former president of the Patriotic German Turner Societies, which it has completely absorbed. Its principal strongholds are East Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and of late Thuringia, and it publishes three official newspapers in the North. Hitler is head of the Southern or Bavarian division. He is assisted by several officers like Captain Göhring, who is in command of the Munich assault detachment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among its allied societies are *Reichskriegsflagge* and *Bund Oberland*. Its strength in the North is about ten thousand men, and in the South six thousand men. Most of the Bavarian section is well armed, but this is not true of the lodges in Northern Germany.

The V. V. V. — *Vereinigte Vaterländischen Verbände* — is a federation of some thirty patriotic societies, mostly of chauvinist workingmen and salaried employees; but it also embraces several military units. Among these are the Olympia Regiment in Berlin, the Reinhardt Regiment, — which alone has about two thousand men, — the Norden Regiment, also in Berlin, and the Waren Regiment in Mecklenburg. The V. V. V. also embraces the Country Unions in Mecklenburg and Pomerania, which are partially armed. Its total strength in Northern Germany is unknown, but can hardly be less than twelve thousand, without including its affiliated societies. It is much stronger in Bavaria, where it enrolls the former Home Guards, the Escherich Self-Defense Group, and a number of young men's clubs, such as the Pathfinders, the Blue-White-and-Blue, and the Young Bismarck Union, so that the total membership there probably reaches twenty thousand.

Stahlhelm is an offshoot from the Veterans' Union, and all of its organizers were officers of the old army. Just now it is passing through a crisis precipitated by an ultra-Radical faction. Its young men's branch, the *Wehrwolf*, which has about ten thousand members, is on the point of seceding. The whole society, including certain local groups in Southern Germany, numbers two hundred thousand men. Some of the lodges are very moderate, while others are heart and soul with Hitler.

Hanfreko and the *Organisation Heinz*, two smaller but more dangerous societies, are still very much alive. The former is an offshoot of the O. C., controlled by a man named Richter, who lives in Berlin, and has been shown up as a trafficker in forged orders and decorations. It has small military units, in Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, and, while it does not number more than a thousand men, its members are carefully drilled and armed. Organisation Heinz takes its name from its founder, Lieutenant Heinz von Hohenstein, and has its headquarters at Kassel, where that gentleman lives. Although its present strength does not exceed three hundred men, its past history shows that it can add to its ranks rapidly in times of crisis. It is a strictly military body, and is ready to serve any ultra-Conservative adventure.

The Young German Order, abbreviated into *Jungdo*, likewise has its headquarters at Kassel. Its local lodges, more than one hundred in number, are scattered over the whole country. This society likewise is rent by dissension, and its more radical members threaten to secede. The total strength of the Order is in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand, all young men and none of them armed.

In the aggregate, the seventy-three secret societies, of which we have described only the more prominent, form a powerful body, but are less dangerous than they seem. Not only are they divided among themselves, but they are for the most part bitterly hostile to each other. The Hitler Kampfbund regards the members of the O. C. as traitors, and the latter entertain the same opinion of the members of the Kampfbund. The V. V. V. is trying to steer a middle course between the two. Just now the ultra-Radical societies are in financial straits, for their wealthy patrons have of late cut off their subsidies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The abortive revolt at Munich last November divided these societies into hostile camps. Hitler and Ludendorff have the support of the National Socialist Labor Party, the Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei, and the Völkischer Kampfbund; while the German Social Party, the People's Social Party, the Pan-German Labor Party, the German Party, the O. C., the V. V. V., and all their subsidiary groups stand behind Kahr and his associates. Attempts to reconcile the two factions have not only failed, but have accentuated their mutual enmity. Theoretically, these organizations might prove a power to be reckoned with, for many lodges are armed, if only partially — mostly with blackjacks and knuckle-dusters. They might muster from seventy-five to one hundred thousand men for a Berlin street demonstration, but more than half of these would be hangers-on. Their discord paralyzes common action. The only thing they agree upon is that the Weimar Constitution should be abolished. They have no common plan for something to replace it — in fact, they fall to fighting over every constructive proposal. Some want a monarchy, but the Monarchists are split into Hohenzollern supporters and advocates of other royalties, particularly the Wittelsbachers. Some even want to unite Germany with Austria under a Hapsburg Kaiser. But other large groups will hear nothing of a monarchy, and insist that Germany's salvation must come through a military dictatorship or a business directory.

AWAKENING INDIA

BY PROFESSOR EMIL LEDERER

[The author, Professor of Sozialpolitik at the University of Heidelberg, is at present giving courses in the Imperial University at Tokyo.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, March* 30
(LIBERAL DAILY)

TWENTY hours in Colombo teach a man that a tropical climate is a reality and no romantic dream; that countries actually exist where the sun always rises directly in the east, where palm trees are part of the ordinary landscape and not florists' decorations, and where the most energetic man feels lazy all the time.

Yet this land belongs to Europeans. They govern it. They have set up in business at every port. They occupy the cool, spacious Government buildings; they command the army. Their merchant ships have enmeshed the country in a network of trade relations. A little English governess can walk through a city's streets at night as safely as a colonel marching at the head of his regiment. A native who wishes to advance in the world must speak the English language.

But when I drove from Colombo in the dewy freshness of a tropic dawn to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the suburb of Mount Lavinia, to eat breakfast under the palms, with a cool breeze from neighboring meadows fanning my brow, — a breakfast of luscious fruits, fragrant tea, fresh fish, and other delicacies dear to the Western palate, — I passed on the road hundreds and thousands of young natives of both sexes, whose graceful and dignified carriage aroused my admiration. Some guided ox carts, others bore peddlers' trays of fruits, vegetables, or cheap knickknacks; but a majority strode by unencumbered, as if they owed obedience to no man, like Oriental princes and princesses disguised in modest garb the better to study their subjects incognito. Unhappily, however, this sunrise procession has no such romantic errand. It consists of operatives on the way to the cotton mills, to spin and weave the cheap — and apparently inferior — fabrics in which they are clad.

Fifteen years ago their clothing was considerably sketchier than now, and they spent most of their time in divine idleness. To-day they toil, and adorn themselves with the fruits of their industry, delighted with this novel elegance. Truly God's command that man earn his bread by the sweat of his brow was not given in vain, but it has been considerably modified in human execution. The poor heathen have been driven out of Paradise to voluntary or involuntary labor, and white Christians have entered into possession, successfully defying the sword of the cherubim, and have made themselves masters of Eden and all its abounding wealth.

When I returned to the city through the sun-glare and the crowds of an Indian morning, native policemen cleared the way for my automobile, and I met detachments of native soldiers, commanded by noncommissioned officers of their own race. Then it dawned upon me what a unique country this is, where old and mighty peoples, with a living culture surviving in a great language and literature, — not a merely mummified culture like that of Egypt, — are guided, directed, and ruled by foreigners as though they were negroes or fellaheen.

The white man came as a god to this country. What made him a god? The fact that his military forces, though otherwise weak, were organized — and his masterful will. Thus he impressed his dominion upon this plastic people like a seal upon soft wax. Virile willpower rules this country, and fashions it to its liking. Every white man is a master; he must will to command.

This is a peculiar psychic influence which a visitor feels from the moment he sets foot on India's soil. The colored races treat the whites much as a humble civilian in old Prussia treated a great general in uniform. This attitude reacts upon the white man, who feels forced to play the master, if only by accepting subservience as his natural due. To be sure, he is encouraged by the climate. It is a great comfort here to have a servant carry even the most trivial burden. A white man does not walk; he rides. The most trifling services are performed by others. When I entered a post office, it seemed quite natural that a native attendant should slip up, show me the stamp window, — a special window for Europeans, — take my stamps, put them on my letters, and deposit the latter in a mailbox. Thus the European is encysted in a protective covering of valet attentions that colors his whole outlook.

Yes, every white man in India is a little god, and must act the part. Racial solidarity demands this. Rules of hospitality require a stranger-guest to observe the customs of the country. He must be reserved, distant, masterful. He must cast no doubt on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great lie upon which English rule in India is based — the lie that the white man is a superior being. Furthermore, it is easy to acquire the manner of a master when that status is unquestioningly conceded, when one need not exact respect from others by his manner or by an effort of the will. It is astounding how quickly a person acquires the master-habit. When he steps out of his ricksha at the hotel, he finds it perfectly natural for servants to pick up the tiniest parcel and carry it to his room. Moreover, these servants are always on the spot to perform this duty. They rush breathlessly down the steps in order to be at hand the minute your conveyance stops. Prompt service everywhere, a spanless gulf between yourself and the man who serves you, a world organized to obey your will — it takes only a few hours for the average white man to feel perfectly at home with that.

None the less, this miracle of human organization and political art rests on fragile foundations. A king is a king only as long as men so regard him. He loses his rank the moment his subjects refuse to pay him allegiance, his officers to salute him, his ministers to consult his wishes, his people to obey him. If that happens, he becomes a private person overnight. This seldom occurs; it generally takes a revolution to demote a king to a private citizen, partly because the masses are unorganized and unable to act together, and largely because ministers, officers, officials, government contractors — in short, a whole hierarchy of political, commercial, and industrial cliques — are interested in maintaining the monarchy, and consequently in preventing a crystallization of the public will against it.

English rule in India is supported by all these motives. But they are weaker than in ordinary monarchies. The Government does not draw its strength directly from the masses. To be sure, many natives have been shrewd enough to find berths in the Government, as soldiers, policemen, and civil servants. Large and influential sections of the population owe their wealth to British rule. More than that, the English have unquestionably introduced great improvements in agriculture, manufacturing, and transportation. The country owes its prosperity largely to British administrators and engineers. They have brought modern science to India; they speak the native languages and hold intercourse with Indian scholars in their own speech. The British Government has established universities in India, where courses are given in English by British and Indian professors; and the sons of wealthy native families are educated at Oxford and Cambridge.

Thus an alien rule has skillfully and tactfully penetrated the land, not only to exploit it, not only to bind certain classes to itself by common material and cultural interests, but also to make the country, so to speak, part and parcel of the British world. A German may well regard with mournful self-examination the tremendous results achieved by these skillful administrators, who select unerringly the right channels to reach the native mind and to transform alien races into British subjects. In spite of their masterful manners, in spite of their brutal employment of force upon occasion, the British do more than merely rule this country; they truly mould and lead it.

At least, they have done so up to the present. But how long will this continue? That is a question now stirring the whole Orient, and openly or tacitly on every lip. These peoples of ancient culture have conceived a new passion for autonomy, which has found at least provisional expression in a constitution that may — though this is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncertain — reconcile for a period English rule and leadership with the native demand for self-direction. But many Indians want more; and will the English Government be able to compromise with their insistence? When it comes to methods of compulsion, all technical and special troops in India are English, but they number only two hundred and fifty men to a million population. Their total strength is less than eighty thousand.

We see the same process repeated in India to-day that destroyed the local independence of the feudal barons in mediæval Europe. This process has been set in motion by the same forces, although not in the same succession: military service, war, industrial development. India is on the road to becoming a Dominion. Will it stop there? Can India become a member of that Commonwealth of Free Nations into which the British Empire is gradually evolving? Is not the so-called Indian Constitution rather the first step toward complete independence?

Military service takes a man first to the barracks, subjects him to strict discipline, makes him submissive, teaches him automatic obedience. If he becomes a noncommissioned officer, this discipline bears fruit in ability to command. He becomes a sharer in the system of force, and he will support it. An Indian railway policeman who rushes up to a ricksha coolie and strikes him with his club because he crowds ahead out of turn, is maintaining English order; but at the same time he enjoys his sense of personal authority. By thus sharing its authority with the natives, the British Government broadens the basis of its power — particularly now that it is training high-caste Indians in England for higher army commands.

The spirit of the native troops was profoundly modified by the World War. Modern warfare can no longer be carried on with half-starved peasants as in the eighteenth century, with men who have learned subordination from childhood, who do not think, and who therefore do not learn to revolt. Modern war has become industrialized. It is won in the end by brains and morale — not of the officers alone, but also of the common soldiers. These new conditions obviously have innumerable important consequences. Morale cannot be imposed upon the soldier by brute force. To post machine-guns behind one's own troops may serve in an emergency, — as the example of Russia and Austria taught us, — but it will not do as a permanent system. The modern soldier is a man of the factory-worker type rather than the peasant type. He understands the spirit of solidarity, which is more than mere comradeship. Solidarity is active, not passive, comradeship; it extends to all the functions of his life; it seeks to shape man's destiny, to better his status; it embraces far more than mere suffering, fighting, and enduring in common. Consider what a vast number of things the modern soldier must learn and understand. But you cannot confine mental development and an intellectual training to one side of a man's nature. If you give him knowledge, you simultaneously give him will and desire. Instruction and 'enlightenment' take the place of the corporal's boot, particularly in a war fought for Democracy and the right of self-determination. Who can recken how many Indian troops in Europe learned 'dangerous thoughts' from Wilson's speeches — thoughts that are now reëchoing louder and louder from the Opposition benches in the Indian Parliament.

Of course, these ideals were intended for home consumption in the colonies, but new thoughts cannot be confined to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prescribed areas. Armies have ceased to be machines; they have become complex organisms that think, understand, and act of their own motives.

What a tremendous revolution thus occurred in the ideas of the Indian nation. The natives were summoned to fight against white men, to conquer white men — the white men to whom hitherto they had not even dared to lift their eyes upon a public highway. They were taught to destroy, to hew down the demigods whom they had hitherto reverenced as rich, born to command, all-powerful. They won victories in a war that swept them suddenly into a new world — a world, indeed, of unprecedented perils, horrors, and hardships, but a world that put the native soldier in an entirely new relation to the social order. He was still a subordinate, it is true, but he was consciously a vital part of that social order; he was no longer a mere object, a mere thing, but a man bearing his share of a common burden and receiving the consideration due his dignity. He quickly learned to think; and a man who once begins to think never loses the faculty. The Indian troops came back from the war seeing through different eyes from those with which they stared stolidly upon an uncomprehended world when they left home. They came back conscious of their own power and merit.

The same thing happened in industry. A war that carried hundreds of thousands of Indians to Europe, that ravaged great industrial centres of that continent, stimulated the manufactures of India herself.

India already employs nearly a million and a quarter of its population in factories having more than fifty operatives — that is, in modern establishments. The number of cotton spindles approaches eight million; the number of power-looms one hundred and twenty thousand. Coal mines and steel furnaces are multiplying in even faster ratio.

Nevertheless, up to the present England remains the manufacturing and commercial centre of this Asiatic world. She leaves no agency untried to strengthen this position. But she has already been forced, as we have seen, to make generous concessions to the new spirit of the people. How far will this avail her? Giving India control of her own affairs is a very different thing from making an English colony like Australia or Canada a self-governing Dominion. English culture and the English tongue are still recognized as indispensable for the governing class. But how long will that last? For the problem is not in this case gradually to improve and develop a primitive civilization, willing to accept the leadership of the West; it is merely to form a united will, national organization, solidarity in a nation almost as numerous as the combined peoples of Europe; and of capacity to create a political structure with a competent and self-reliant ruling class and a body of citizens conscious of their political existence.

Can the trend toward these things be checked? Can a strong hand retain Europe's leadership in this vast territory? Sovereignty seems at this moment to be slipping back into the possession of Asia. Europe's forceful and restless spirit has not only conquered Eastern apathy, but has transformed it. Feudal, dream-cradled India is rapidly becoming a memory. She is on the threshold of the industrial age. Her evolution will not parallel that of Europe; it could not do so in this rich tropical realm, with its picturesque and romantic past. But Europe's rule in Asia is doomed. The very breezes whisper that to the stranger's ear all along this coast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE LAND OF MORNING CALM

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

From *La Stampa, March* 8–14
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

As soon as we crossed the Yalu, which separates Manchuria from Korea, we seemed to be a thousand miles from China, so totally different was the aspect of both the country and the people. The Korean peasants wear white, the Chinese wear blue; Korean men have long beards, the Chinese go smooth-shaven; and while the Korean peasant wears a tiny, stiff hat, tied with a band under his chin, — like the ridiculous little hats that clowns sometimes wear in circuses, — the Chinaman usually goes uncovered. Equally striking is the contrast between the monotonous plains of Manchuria and the luminous mountain ranges of Korea, whose clear profiles stand out so cleanly against the steel-blue sky.

But Korea resembles China in its dense population. At the railway stations, just now embedded in chrysanthemums, our train is always greeted by a great throng of people. The railway follows the foothills of the central mountain range through uninterrupted rice-fields. Indeed, rice seems to be the only crop cultivated. It is the harvest season, and the whole countryside is alive with busy workers.

The principal station between Antung on the Yalu and Seoul, the capital, is Heijo, which is picturesquely situated on the wooded banks of the Daido River. I saw English posters at the station inviting the tourists to stop off and visit the historic and artistic sites of the vicinity. With characteristic Japanese exactness the time necessary to do so is carefully stated — three hours to see, among other things, a monument erected to the Japanese who fell in the war against Russia, in order 'to liberate Korea from the despotism of a sovereign who exploited his people,' and to admire several ancient temples. No horses, mules, or native carts are visible hereabouts — only little oxen on which the peasants ride or pack their burdens.

I hired a motor-car for a ride along the banks of the Daido. Several peasants were seated by the side of the road watching sheaves of recently cut rice drying in the sun. A crazy desire to learn if these peasants had ever heard of Italy or of Rome seized me. So I had the driver stop, and turning toward the honest laborers shouted: 'Roma! Roma!' They sprang to their feet instantly, and called back, 'Loma! Loma!' substituting an L for an R, as do the Chinese. Even peasants on the highway waved their pipes in the air and called and motioned to their fellows in the fields. So in no time a little mass-meeting gathered around my automobile, apparently expecting me to deliver a harangue against Japan. My chauffeur, who was a Japanese, seemed to think so, too, and, withdrawing a distance, stood in solitary contemplation of the Daido.

Later, on the train to Seoul, I met a young man in European garb whom I took at first for an Americanized Korean. He proved to be a Chinaman from Tientsin. He had recently been to Japan to bring back the body of his father, who was killed in Yokohama

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the earthquake. He assured me that within a few decades China would recover her unity, become the greatest military power in the world, and chase Japan out of Korea. Thereupon she would set up an independent republic there, and the people of Asia would enjoy the felicity they so richly merit.

At length we reached Seoul, a big city of half a million people cradled among smiling hills. Although they call this the Land of Morning Calm, I felt when I emerged from the station as if I had arrived in an American town. Everything was new and roomy. Electric cars jangled by; electric lights illumined the evening dusk; a squadron of Japanese cavalry passed at a trot with a blare of bugles. I heard airplanes humming above us and countless automobiles were threading their way hither and thither.

When I reached my delightful inn, which was situated within the walls of the Temple of Heaven, I asked if Seoul was always as lively as to-night. 'Nearly always,' was the reply, 'but this is an exceptional day. They have just opened the National Exposition at Seoul, the first that Japan has held in Korea since annexing the country. A million peasants are expected to visit it. The Government has arranged to bring them in during the autumn. All this in spite of our great national disaster' — the earthquake at Tokyo and Yokohama.

The Japanese are advertising the natural beauties of Korea for all they are worth, in an effort to attract tourists from the Occidental population of the Orient and from America. They have christened Korea the 'Switzerland of the East,' but the likeness is not striking. The mountains of the Land of Morning Calm have a beauty entirely different from that of the Alps. They have no summits capped with eternal snow, no lakes, no varied peoples and customs. Yet Korea is a natural vacation-land. Convenient highways lead in every direction from the railway, so that an easy automobile-ride brings the traveler to the magnificent forests that clothe the slopes of the central range. The most celebrated point is Kongo-San, or the Diamond Mountains, on the east coast of the peninsula, ten hours by rail north of Seoul.

The magnificence of this mountain group surpasses imagination and affords one of the most marvelous spectacles in the world. These mountains form a coronet of flame-colored basaltic peaks — a cloister of grand, weirdly carved pinnacles, a forest of enormous rock-spires with their points in the heavens and their bases buried in dense virgin forests, where the last survivors of the Korean tigers lurk. I always imagined that the tiger was a tropical animal, but in Korea there are superb striped specimens, whose skins I saw exposed for sale in the Korean and Japanese shops of Gensan. The basaltic schists have a dazzling glitter, especially in the morning, that has given the name 'Kongo-San,' or the Diamond Mountains, to the group. This reflection is so bright that the natives advise strangers not to gaze at them too long or too intently, lest they be blinded. No highways penetrate this hundred square miles of scenic magnificence. In order to enter this giant's fairyland one must follow the course of its foaming torrents — a trail broken by many a lofty, iridescent waterfall. For some distance we were carried in chairs borne by coolies. After that it was advisable to proceed on foot.

In fact, most visitors prefer to enjoy the Diamond Mountains from the Japanese hotel at Gensan, instead of burying themselves in the rugged wilderness and taking the chance of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting a tiger there. Among the most interesting features of the district are forty-two Buddhist convents, perched on the top of as many glittering peaks. The monks enjoy a magnificent prospect of the sea five thousand feet below them, as well as of the broad, river-banded forest just at hand. One reaches these convents by clambering up the basaltic precipices with hands and feet, assisted at the most difficult places by chains and ladders fastened to the rocks — a trip that affords good exercise for professional climbers, but not for people who become giddy in high places. The ascent takes several hours, but once on top the view well repays the exertion. All the convents — or better, hermitages — have some provision for entertaining strangers who desire to lead a life of contemplation; and for that purpose they keep at least one guestroom constantly adorned with great bouquets of fragrant mountain flowers. The Buddhist monks of these lofty retreats are obviously men of deep and sweet spirituality. Their worship consists in continual praise to Buddha for the magnificent natural beauties with which he has blessed their land, for her glowing rose cliffs of basalt, for the azure distances of her surrounding sea, and for the sweet odors of the forest that constantly bathe their lofty retreats. In token of this gratitude they place daily offerings of fresh flowers before the statues of Buddha.

Wearied with the arduous ascent, I retired early, and immediately fell into a deep slumber upon a soft mat at the foot of a fierce warrior's statue guarding a little, flower-covered altar of Buddha in the inner recesses of my chamber. I had opened the sliding paper windows that overlooked the valley and the sea. After what seemed but a brief nap, I was suddenly awakened by distant rhythmic music. I turned on the electric light — the monks are up-to-date in this respect — and looking at my watch discovered it was two in the morning. When I stepped out, I found the monks clad in their yellow robes, and flourishing strange wooden musical instruments in their hands, waiting to begin the grand concert of Kongo-San, which from time immemorial is given nightly between 2 and 2.30 A.M. — that is, between the hours when star X and star Y cross the zenith.

The sound that I had heard came from other monasteries on neighboring peaks, half a mile or a mile away as the bird flies. My hosts did not start beating their tambourines until the thirtieth repetition. Biro-Ho, the principal convent, begins the sad, wailing chant alone, and is joined in turn by one monastery after another until all forty-two are chanting in chorus and the sonorous rhythm resounds far and wide across the dusky abysms of the deep.

The accord was perfect, and the sound was like a great wind murmuring through the vast forests below. And indeed it was in part the sound of the forest, whose trees supply the resonant wooden drums beaten by the monks. Buddha is supposed to take delight in the trees that cluster around the base of Kongo-San, and the monks of the Diamond Mountains chant thus in his memory.

Later, at the break of dawn, there is another concert — that of the bells. Each convent has at least two enormous ones. Beginning with a low, scarcely audible murmur, the chorus rises gradually in a triumphant and majestic crescendo as the sun slowly emerges from the Pacific. I cannot imagine anywhere in the world a more appropriate and impressive ceremony in honor of the eternal miracle of returning day.

The kindness and cordiality of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buddhist monks of Kongo-San is boundless. A few of them speak English, but they are exceedingly modest men, and make no display of their accomplishments, among which is to be rated the fact that they are daring mountaineers. They do not seek wealth; a pleasant smile is ever on their lips. Though modest and unassuming in their robes of yellow silk, they are manly men. Some are famous tiger-hunters. But they prefer to study music — Korean music — and to meditate upon the *Path of Filial Piety* of Confucius.

The location and the height of the Diamond Mountains make them so suitable for meteorological observations that I asked whether the Korean monks took an interest in this science. I thought they might forecast typhoons in order to prevent disasters at sea, the way the Jesuit missionaries do at Shanghai. But the head bonze replied that from the moment a typhoon was predicted their minds would dwell on that disaster, and that it was better not to change the purely contemplative character of Buddhist discipline, which teaches that we should keep our thoughts constantly on the happiness and blessings granted mankind.

Speaking of Christianity, this bonze made a curious remark: 'Unless the Christians transfigure their Christ into the form of Buddha they will not make many converts in Buddhist countries. Buddha is fat because perfection and grace and goodness are round. Leanness and emaciation are symbols of evil, and attributes of the Devil.'

Of late years Kongo-San has become a favorite resort for all Western couples in this part of the world and for Westernized Asiatics on their honeymoon. Some of the monasteries have substituted comfortable American beds for their old-time sleeping-mats, and have engaged Chinese servants and cooks — who serve detestable imitations of European food. The tourist season is in the autumn, and most native courses consist of vegetables, varied with the savory wild products of the forests and of the chase.

As I was leaving Kongo-San I made an interesting discovery — a swastika cross carved on the base of the monastery wall. This form of cross, if my memory serves me right, dates back to remote antiquity in the Mediterranean countries. No one could tell me how that ancient symbol of the Occident came to be carved on the basaltic rocks of Kongo-San, at some very early period long, long before there was any intercourse between this remote outpost of the Orient and the West.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMORIES OF SAINT-SAËNS

BY FALERIO

From *La Revue Mondiale, March 15*
(Paris Current-Affairs Fortnightly)

The first time that I met Saint-Saëns — it is a long time ago — was in a house where many artists were received as guests and where there was always excellent music. I remember as if it were yesterday the first incidents of that evening. Saint-Saëns sang a melody which he had just composed to the words of Dr. Cazalis. It was the *Danse macabre*. Since then he has made of it a morceau for orchestra, which is an authentic masterpiece and has been played in all the concert halls of the world. After him Augusta Holmès sat down at the piano. What a strange creature she was! Gifted with the greatest beauty, she lived a rather free life among the artists, and it was said that she had been beloved by the painter Henri Regnault — killed at Buzenval — and later by Catulle Mendès. She was both poet and composer, all in all a quite exceptional artistic temperament, which Saint-Saëns greatly admired. She sang us a charming melody which she had written herself: *La chanson de Jean Prouvaire*, with words by Victor Hugo. I still enjoy remembering it. Next Saint-Saëns and Gabriel Fauré played pieces for four hands, and last of all we indulged in pranks, ending the evening by dancing the ballet *Robert le Diable*, which was excruciatingly funny.

I remember that Saint-Saëns's personality did not especially please me the next time I met him. His harsh voice with its disagreeable timbre, his lisping, and his blunt way of expressing himself about music, though no one had a better right to do it, disposed me against him. What a contrast with Fauré, who was so gentle, so polite, and so modest!

After that evening I often met Saint-Saëns at the homes of Viardot, Lalo, and Diémer, and he even asked me to call at his own home where, having been received and adopted by his mother, — who did not pay that honor to everybody, — I speedily became one of the familiar guests of the house. Their intimate receptions took place on Mondays and were extremely interesting because all the artists felt it an honor to be received.

Although Saint-Saëns worked a great deal and produced much, his reputation came rather late. No doubt the artists had a high opinion of him, but the general public knew little about him, for he had not yet broken into the theatre, and at that time, when the Pasdeloup concerts were the only ones, fame was possible only through the theatre. His first comic opera was *La princesse jaune*, which was presented at Mme. Viardot's home. In 1877 he produced *Le timbre d'argent* at the Théâtre Lyrique with considerable success, but it was not until 1883 that he reached the Opéra with *Henri VIII*, which was a triumph, though not his first great work. That honor was reserved for *Samson et Dalila*. The vicissitudes through which this opera went and which I saw at close range are not generally known and deserve description. The great love duet was composed in 1868 for Augusta Holmès and Henri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Regnault, who had a fine tenor voice. After the war of 1870 and the Commune, Saint-Saëns went back to work, writing *Samson* bit by bit. Mme. Viardot heard the music and wished to interpret his second act herself. Yes, but where?

At that time there was a well-known lawyer at Croissy, M. Desmarets, who had built a little theatre for comedy in the grounds of his villa, and here the second act was put on with Nicot as tenor, Auguez as barytone, and Mme. Viardot as Dalila. I may add without troubling about modesty that I filled a very important rôle myself, because it was I who stood in the wings with a petroleum lamp and manufactured the lightning during the storm.

Although Mme. Viardot no longer possessed her magnificent voice, she sang admirably. Her attitudes were superb and deeply stirred the chosen few who filled the little hall — and see what resulted from this performance, which took place September 8, 1894. Among the spectators was the Belgian composer, Édouard Lassen, who went away amazed and delighted, sharing his admiration with Liszt, who was fond of Saint-Saëns and asked him to send him the opera when it was finished. As soon as he received it, Liszt took the matter in hand and had *Samson* played first at Weimar in 1877 and then in the principal cities of Germany. It was a great success; but is it not a paradox, and a sad one, that while this opera was still unknown in France it was speedily winning popularity in Germany. After twelve years' success abroad *Samson* was played for the first time in France at Rouen, and it reached the Opéra only in 1892. That is how an artist of Saint-Saëns's talent is encouraged. It is well known that Reyer had the same fate, being compelled to take *Sigurd* and *Salammbô* to Brussels, and need we recall the comparative failure of *L'Arlésienne* and of *Carmen* when they first appeared, a lack of success which shortened the days of the unfortunate Bizet?

Saint-Saëns's first attempt to enter the Institut ended with a flat failure. At that time he had composed a symphonic poem, concertos, cantatas, and symphonies. His reputation among artists was already very great and his election seemed a certainty; but Massenet, who had just had a great success at the Opéra with *Le roi de Lahore*, had also become a candidate. 'I'm not running against you,' he protested to Saint-Saëns. 'You 're far ahead of me. I'm putting myself up as a matter of form and in preparation for a later candidacy.' And Saint-Saëns, convinced of his success, slept on both ears.

All this time the former Prix de Rome of the various sections of the Beaux Arts were hard at work in favor of Massenet, who was himself an old Prix de Rome, whereas Saint-Saëns was not. On the day of the election Saint-Saëns's friends had assembled so as to be able to congratulate him the moment the result was known, when we learned to our amazement that Massenet was elected. We were astounded and Saint-Saëns was furious. He never pardoned Massenet his double-dealing and their personal relations always showed the effects; yet when Massenet died Saint-Saëns devoted an extremely eulogistic article to him in *L'Écho de Paris*, which was sincere in its admiration and did him the greatest honor.

Saint-Saëns presented himself again in 1881 and was elected, but he was far from feeling then the satisfaction that an election would have given him in 1878, when instead the vote brought him one of the greatest disappointments of his artistic career. When Saint-Saëns was elected to the Institut, he had a very considerable body of work behind him. He was far above

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all his rivals, and his superiority, which was recognized and beyond dispute in artistic circles, was now making itself felt even by the great public. The opinion of Liszt, as reported by the Princess de Metternich, was becoming known: 'It is possible to be as much of a musician as Saint-Saëns, it is impossible to be more of a musician.'

Even as a child he was accomplishing prodigies, like Mozart, to whom he was always being compared. At five he composed little melodies for the voice with piano accompaniment. His precocity was extraordinary, for he gave his first concert at the age of ten. Even from his youth he possessed all his clearness and all the resources of his technique. His first suite for orchestra, written at sixteen, possesses the same certainty and elegance and adroitness that he had sixty years later. He is admirably clear, and no doubt represents the last of the classics, if we understand by the word 'classic' — quite aside from excellence of form — the clarity, unity, measure, order, and equilibrium between the different parts of his work, of a sort which has scarcely been produced since Mozart. One would search in vain for a kind of music which he has not tried: morceaux for piano, melodies for voice, sonatas, trios, quartettes, every form of chamber music, concertos, — I shall return to these, — symphonic poems, cantatas, oratorios, operas, symphonies. In every one of these he has left genuine masterpieces. Of what musician could one say as much? And in all these compositions no faltering, no excess, perfect dexterity. His orchestration has an admirable clarity, precision, and richness. Liszt and Wagner were wonderstruck, but no one admired him more than Gounod, who said to me one day: 'Saint-Saëns is the greatest of us all.' 'Not in the theatre,' said I, 'for there, *cher maître*, you are truly the most glorious.' 'Just wait,' replied Gounod. 'Wait till Saint-Saëns has found a libretto worthy of him, and you 'll see him leave us all behind.'

And in truth *Samson*, *Henry VIII*, *Étienne Marcel*, *Ascanio*, *Phryné*, and *Proserpine* are works of the first rank. And how admirable are the ten concertos that he wrote for violin, cello, and piano! If our artists play them rather often in their concerts it is because no composer has known as Saint-Saëns knew how to bring the qualities of the instrument into relief. On this subject I have a characteristic letter which he once sent me. I had gone from Nice to Monte Carlo to hear his new composition, *La muse et le poète*, for violin and piano with orchestra. On my return I wrote him the impression that this delightful work, which he had not yet heard, had produced upon me. Not only did I praise the talent of his two interpreters, Waguemans and Benedetti, but I even emphasized the discretion that the orchestra of Jehin had shown in accompanying him. Here is Saint-Saëns's reply: —

May 26, 1918. — I'm glad that you've heard *La muse et le poète* under such excellent conditions. W. and B. are artists of the first order. Without robbing the conductor of his dues, which are very great, I may say that if the orchestra does not drown out the soloists the composer has a little something to do with it! In all my concertos and other pieces of that kind I have always been careful in that respect, although other composers don't think much of it, being chiefly concerned to make the orchestra brilliant, whereas it ought to serve merely as the basis upon which the principal figure emerges.

This duo was inspired by *Les nuits* of Musset, but I have never dared to say so for fear that, instead of helping the success of the piece, the comparison with that famous work of the poet's might merely harm it by contrast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saint-Saëns was really too modest. It has been very justly said that his chamber music ranks not far from that of Mozart and Haydn, and it is at any rate the only chamber music that is equal to the German. His symphonic poems, *Le rouet d'Omphale, Phaéton, Danse macabre, La jeunesse d'Hercule*, are among the most perfect ever composed, although the public did not, in the very beginning, grant them a favorable reception. I was with the composer on the day when *La jeunesse d'Hercule* was played. Some of the people whistled. 'They whistle now,' said he, 'but they 'll come to it.' And they have come.

What a privilege it was to know him! There was necessarily a slackening in our relations when I was sent into the provinces, though we kept exchanging letters from time to time. When I was retired under the age limit, I went to Cannes, where I learned that Saint-Saëns was living at the Hôtel Gonnet. I went to see him and was received with open arms. He promised me to come each Tuesday to La Bocca, where I was living, and faithfully kept his word. He would arrive about eleven o'clock and would give us, as he used to say, a little concert until nearly lunch time. He always kept his amazing touch and his prodigious memory.

'It was at this moment eighty years ago,' he said to me one day, 'that my mother first put my hands on a piano.' At luncheon a general silence would reign the moment he arrived, and as he loved to discuss philosophy he sometimes caused a scandal among his auditors by his roundly atheistic statements.

'I have just finished a book on this subject,' said he one day.

'What will the title be?' I asked.

'I 'll never tell a soul,' said Saint-Saëns, 'and then nobody can steal it.'

This book actually appeared some time after his death under the title, *Divagations sérieuses*. The Government and the clergy, who granted a national and religious funeral service to him, must have been highly astonished when they read this posthumous work, especially the clergy, who regarded Saint-Saëns as perfectly orthodox because he had been an organist so long.

Although he was eighty-six years old, his death surprised the world, because he remained pugnacious to the very end. Saint-Saëns set off for Algiers, where he arrived on the fourth of December, 1921. On Sunday he was present at the performance of *Lakmé*, by his dear friend Delibes. The next evening, after he had played his habitual game of dominoes with his servant, he went tranquilly to bed, but a little while afterward he called to his servant: —

'Go and get a doctor; something is wrong with my heart.' But just as the servant was about to depart, 'Wait,' he said in a feeble voice, 'the doctor is no use; I'm going to die,' and almost immediately he passed away without pain.

Did Saint-Saëns want to live longer? I hardly think so. In the first place he was sated with glory. 'You cannot imagine,' he said to me at Cannes, 'how monotonous it is to see year follow year for so long a time and one season succeed another. There is nothing unexpected left. I have enough of it.'

His children were dead, his wife had long been separated from him, almost all his friends had gone, and it scarcely seems that life could bring him much satisfaction.

Saint-Saëns has been reproached for being anti-Wagnerian, but this was a great mistake. He and Wagner had a high opinion of each other. I may mention as proof the fact that Wagner, receiving the Maurin quartette at a banquet in Zurich, drank to the health of Saint-Saëns, 'the greatest French

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musician.' As for Saint-Saëns himself, one need only read his book, *Harmonie et mélodie*, to find proof of his great admiration for Wagner, even though he made a regular campaign against that musician which gave room for misinterpretations. I asked him about it one day.

'Why,' he said, 'I never fought against the genius of Wagner, only against the excessive encroachments of his music. Even now they play him several times a week at the Opéra. What is going to become of French composers at that rate? Did I ever protest over Gounod, or Massenet, or Bizet, or Reyer, or Lalo? No, I did not, did I? But Wagner is too much of a usurper and, since he is anti-French and I'm an old patriot, I say, "Though the arts have no country, the artists have." ' I made a note of this striking phrase, which ought to be made a rule for all artists.

My portrait of Saint-Saëns would be incomplete if I were not to add that this great composer, this brilliant virtuoso, was also a distinguished writer. He employed a clear, incisive style with brilliant imagery. His books are musical authorities and his volume of verse is perfectly written and with touching feeling. I hope that some day a pious hand will gather up the great number of his letters which, I am convinced, would constitute one of the most interesting correspondences of our literature. Even this is not all. Saint-Saëns had a very lively interest in astronomy and made communications on this subject which were highly thought of by the Académie des Sciences.

THE PANTHER-MAN. I

BY RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

[*This story by the same author as 'Our Lady of the Afflicted,' published in the* Living Age *of April 26, is taken from the volume entitled,* El Señor Monitot, *mentioned in that issue. Its original publication was delayed for several years until the permanent President of Guatemala, where the author resided, was overthrown.*]

One of the handsomest men I ever saw sprang lightly on the moving train, several hundred yards before we reached the pretty town of Heliopolis. He had been awaiting it at the suburban hotel where promenaders down the Calzada de los Capitanes were accustomed to pause for rest and refreshment. He leaped aboard with such grace and elasticity that I could not take my eyes from him as he strode rapidly through the cars, where the employees stepped aside with respectful alacrity to make way for him.

My traveling companion, the fat Spanish merchant who had entertained me all the morning with his gossip, fell suddenly silent. After the man had passed, he leaned toward me and said in a low voice: 'José de Vargas, Governor of the State.'

This information doubled my interest in the handsome stranger. He was famous all over the Republic and I had heard innumerable anecdotes about him since I arrived. The Spaniard had already told me that the Governor had driven his brother — a man of some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political prominence — out of the country, after a campaign of persecution the mere relation of which made me indignant. Yet I was not surprised. The Republic of Orolandia is one of those half-barbarous countries where no man's rights are safe. A person's life and property there depend on the caprice not only of the Governor himself but of any of his insignificant satellites, down to the humblest secret agent.

A moment later Señor Vargas came back through the train, met everywhere by sudden silence — half of hostility, half of fear. Vargas took the seat adjoining me without appearing to notice the Spaniard, whereupon the latter made a respectful bow and, taking advantage of the fact that the train was already slowing down at the station, picked up his luggage and went to the door.

Vargas looked me straight in the face and said: 'Did that fellow tell you anything bad about me?'

With an instinctive self-admonition to say something agreeable, I answered: 'He did n't, but many others have. Your word seems to pass for law in Orolandia.'

'What have they told you?'

'A great deal that 's good, sir, but also much that 's bad. They say some dreadful things about you.'

The train stopped, and the passengers hurried out. But I remained seated, studying the handsome specimen of a man before me — for indeed he was handsome. He wore white, as the hot climate of the district demanded — white suit, white shoes, white hat — and had ruddy cheeks and clear intelligent eyes. His whole personality seemed to express whiteness and clarity. Though his garb was simple, he wore it with an elegance and distinction that marked him out at once among the crowd of ordinary merchants and planters. On a finger of his right hand, which was powerful, white, and as carefully manicured as that of a cardinal or a woman, shone a solitaire ring of great value. I could have told at once that this sparkling, handsome man was master of the country in his own right, by a regal title as legitimate as that by which tigers hold sway in the Ganges jungles.

'What do they say about me?' repeated the Governor.

'They all grant that you are honest. They say that this is the first time the country has been governed by a man who does not steal. They say the land is growing rich under your rule, that in spite of the war it is more prosperous than ever before. They say that through your enterprise the capital has been embellished with fine edifices and noble avenues, and that you have made the highways of this part of Orolandia the best in this or neighboring countries. They say that the public-school system has improved wonderfully under your patronage. In a word, they consider you a most excellent administrator. Last of all, — and they are more grateful for this than anything else, — they add that under your iron hand property and life are safer from lawbreakers than ever before in human memory. And they praise you the more for this because they admit that, until you took control of the Government, public affairs were in a miserable state.'

'Good. But what do they say against me?'

'When they tell me life and property are safe, they assert this is only in a relative way — that the life of a Yankee hog in Chicago receives more consideration than that of a human enemy in your clutches. They say that all your opponents have been forced to flee the country. They accuse you of being the bloodiest master who has ever ruled in Orolandia. They say you are as cold and cruel as a panther.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had hardly pronounced the last word when I saw that I had committed a bad blunder. All the passengers had left the train. Two or three railway employees eyed us respectfully from the car behind. The Governor rose without a word and walked restlessly up and down the aisle. I saw that I had roused the tiger in him — that my unruly tongue had plunged me into a perilous adventure. But the handsome autocrat, pacing back and forth in front of me, making me feel like a victim in a cage, evoked irresistible admiration. The panther is one of the most beautiful animals. He moves as lightly and softly as a woman; he is lithe, clear-eyed — grace personified.

The white shoes of the Dictator made no sound as he passed. He seemed to be walking on tiptoe. Suddenly he stopped and, confronting me, said: 'What? A panther, was n't it, my dear sir?'

'Your Excellency, I consider a panther a noble beast. There is a chivalry about a panther. But listen a moment — I left my purse by mistake at San Felipe. I'm as hungry as a bear. I am going to ask you to invite me to breakfast, but please understand — a good breakfast, worthy of you.'

This man's very vitality made him react instantly to a request: 'What, a good breakfast? Come with me!'

We went to the best hotel. The moment we arrived a group of fawning satellites surrounded the Governor. A man sleeping heavily in a chair, with his legs spread out in front of him, was given a sharp slap in the face by a neighbor. He roused himself stupidly, but catching sight of my intimidating companion he instantly straightened up as if galvanized into sudden life. He rose with an obvious effort, and standing on his unsteady legs made an awkward salute, stammering hoarsely: 'Present, my General.'

The General roared at him wrathfully: 'Drunk again? Get out of here, you stinking ——!'

The fellow stumbled out the door and staggered down the street, with his eyes fixed on a crack in the pavement as if it were a life line. I learned later that he was the Governor's best friend.

Several were playing billiards when we entered. General Vargas started to watch them. Immediately the game was stopped, and a moment later Vargas had taken the place of one of the former players. He seemed to have forgotten me entirely.

He played with the spirit and skill he put into all his actions. The cue seemed but a prolongation of his sensitive, feline hand. I thought of him as a gigantic cat, teasing balls of white worsted. The ivory spheres sprang obediently here and there as if endowed with intelligence; they met and parted like microcosmic planets whirling in a green firmament.

Every minute or two the quick eye of the Chief caught sight of an aide standing at a salute, and respectfully soliciting his attention. He would bend his head a moment, listen to a brief report, and answer with two or three curt words, and the aide would hasten off to carry out his orders. In this strange way the State was ruled from a billiard table. Once or twice, when something more important came up, the Chief left the room for a few minutes.

I began to feel awkward and embarrassed. My distinguished host apparently had forgotten me. Finally hunger and ennui overcame my hesitation and, regardless of possibly offending him, I decided to leave the Union Hotel without bidding adieu to the tireless and absorbed billiard-player. But I was not able to do so. A man at the door, whom I took to be a soldier or a police officer, respectfully detained me, say-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing: 'I'm very sorry, sir, but I have orders not to let you leave the hotel.'

A European just arriving in Orolandia would have greeted such an order with an incredulous protest, but I was familiar with the country; and more than that, I had been born in one of its equally barbarous neighbors. I saw that I must resign myself to the inevitable, and sat down at a table in the barroom, chiding myself for my rash remark to the all-powerful Dictator.

I had told the Governor — not quite truthfully — that I had no money. But this did not prevent my making use of my costly gold chronometer. So, calling a waiter, I asked: 'How much is this watch worth?'

'I should say $500.'

'Good. Take it and bring me a bottle of your best cognac. Then grant me ten minutes of your time and have a drink with me. I should like to have you introduce me, if you will, to some of the gentlemen here who have a little leisure for relaxation. You see, I don't know anybody here, and I'm bored. I suppose your duties allow you to be sociable.'

'Listen, my dear sir — you keep this watch and pay me when you are able. You will be served in a moment.'

I was not surprised at this remark even from a man whom I supposed to be an employee of the hotel, but who, I learned later, was the proprietor. In Orolandia men are lavish of both blood and money. Besides that, I always make friends easily. I myself am a free-handed and — if I may be pardoned for saying so — ingratiating fellow, and never stint my time, my money, or my personal service when it comes to helping a friend. I seldom am refused a favor.

Inside of fifteen minutes my table was the liveliest in the hotel. Within twenty minutes I had forgotten all about the Chief. If I had thought of him, it would have been to congratulate myself on having dropped him. I was surrounded by the jolliest crowd imaginable — and a jolly crowd, I have found, is one of the best protections against trouble. Six or eight merry fellows sat at the table, and champagne corks were popping like salvos to Bacchus. A half-intoxicated rancher had ordered this. He told us that a month ago he was as poor as a burro, but somebody had struck petroleum in one of the sorriest of his sterile fields. Less than twelve hours later they had paid him half a million dollars for his property. Such miraculous changes of fortune happen daily in Orolandia, so now champagne flowed like water at our table.

My thoughts were suddenly called back to the Chief, however, when I saw him several times cast a half-irritated look in our direction. Thereupon I stood up and, raising my voice, said: 'Come, gentlemen, let us toast the Head of the Government, for whom I cherish especial respect.'

The crowd responded heartily. My toast betrayed no hint of my perturbation, but bore honest evidence of the warm admiration I expressed. In fact, I was too elated just then to care for anything.

'Don't talk so loud,' said one of my companions. 'If you want to please the Chief, take some other way. He hates a noisy man almost as much as he does a dirty one.'

I caught the idea instantly, and congratulated myself that I likewise was extremely careful about my appearance. My clothing was always as immaculate as my typewritten letters to my firm were faultless. I dressed well, as men generally do who are fond of society. I also dressed well for professional reasons. I believed that I ought to present myself to my customers as attractive personally as the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

translucent bottles of Hine Cognac for which I was the agent. When the vicissitudes of my business compelled me to stop at a dirty hotel, I felt dirty all over, both in mind and body, and my letters showed the fact — they would be full of erasures and errors. Possibly this passion for neatness was one thing that attracted me to General Vargas. He evidently possessed the same passion. It showed itself not only in his person but in the city, where he was tearing down dilapidated and unsightly buildings and replacing them by neat new edifices.

I was in the midst of a merry anecdote when I noticed that everyone around me suddenly became silent, and was conscious that somebody behind me was observing me intently — I felt his eyes as distinctly as a physical touch. I turned around, and there stood General Vargas. He had approached silently, as was his habit, and was studying me intently with that fixity characteristic of the feline tribe. It was as if he were searching for my vulnerable point, where he should seize me with his claws. What his admirers told me flashed through my mind: that he enjoyed apprehending a malefactor. He was a man who instinctively looked at every being in his vicinity as a possible prey — even physical objects that chanced to catch his attention. His eyes had followed the ivory balls on the billiard table like those of an animal about to spring. He watched them as a cat will sometimes watch the fingers of its mistress when she is knitting or sewing.

The eyes of the Chief sparkled with interest. I felt that he would have smiled if he ever smiled; but smiling is a human being's — not a panther's — attribute. I was delighted to see him pleased. I felt that even wild animals have a sympathetic appreciation of joy and harmony. My trepidation vanished; my self-confidence returned completely; and I invited General Vargas, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, to take the seat next to mine.

The Chief made a gesture of assent, accompanied by a glance of command that we instantly obeyed. His eyes told us to move one side and give him more room, which we promptly did. Thereupon the Chief took his isolated chair. He was the type of animal that needs space for free play. He was not gregarious. Sheep go in flocks; panthers hunt alone. Even when they eat, they do so with roving eyes, and their every movement is silent and springy, as if they are about to leap.

'General,' I said, 'a moment ago when I found you standing so near me without having detected your approach, a question flashed through my mind. How would you have seized me if you wished to overpower me? How would you have attacked me?'

'Like a horse — by the neck and the shoulder.'

His answer told me instinctively that he had regarded me as he would an unsuspecting horse. Some motion of mine must have suggested a horse to him. This started an intriguing train of thought in my mind, and I compared his movements with those of the barman who was serving us. The latter moved slowly and sluggishly. In every action he betrayed awkwardness, blindness to the harmony of space. He moved like a mole, dragged out of his burrow and confused by the light and the absence of heavy surrounding soil to guide his movements. Each gesture was heavy, like the earth from which he sprang. He wore thick glasses, for he was shortsighted. When he walked he gave the impression of moving in a different plane from ours. The Chief watched him circulate in his little orbit between the table and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

massive *caoba* bar, with the same interest with which he would have watched a hedgehog or a porcupine.

The fellow's coarse erect hair and stubby red nose added to the similarity. He recognized the different liquors by their weight and their place on the shelves rather than by their color. When he wrote a chit, he glued his eyes to it behind the thick lenses of his spectacles until his nose almost touched the ink. Yet, by some miracle of accommodation to his environment, he had been an efficient bartender for thirty years. The bar was his burrow.

The conversation of our party was interrupted by the proprietor who, approaching as circumspectly as a man approaches a beast of prey, murmured: 'Your Excellency is served.'

'Have you called the men I told you?'

'They are waiting in the dining-room.'

'All right, then,' said His Excellency, adding immediately, with an inclusive glance to all our party, 'Gentlemen, I invite you to join me.'

An invitation from the Chief was an order; so naturally there were no refusals. 'Señor Ardens,' he continued, 'you asked me for a good breakfast. Let 's see what our poor country has to offer.' This was said in the tone with which the master of a private house might address a guest. Indeed, General Vargas treated the whole country as his personal property.

You can well imagine how sumptuous the preparations were. Five or six of the Chief's closest friends, whom he had asked to join the little fiesta for which I was unintentionally responsible, were already awaiting our arrival.

I realized what a mighty thing a word may be. Like a child who innocently presses a button in his father's factory, I had set in motion a whole train of machinery. But I did not let this thought burden me long. In ten minutes I had recovered my composure enough to remember that I was agent for Hine Cognac, and determined to improve the opportunity to advertise my wares — though I had no premonition of the marvelous effect I was about to produce. So I said: —

'Your Excellency and gentlemen, before tasting this delicious turtle-soup, which we owe to the regal generosity of our Governor, let me offer you a glass of wonderful cognac — Hine Cognac — made by the firm I represent. Several cases are with my luggage. They should be at the railway station now. A word from our powerful friend here, and they will be brought in a few minutes. I should like to make this modest contribution to our impromptu fiesta — which I confess seems to me an Arabian Nights' miracle.'

The Chief, visibly flattered, turned and gave the order to a servant. The fellow left at a run. A few minutes later five cases of our marvelous Hine Cognac were brought, pure distillation of the grape. Even the Governor himself, who practically never tasted intoxicating liquor, tested the delicious nectar. Flushed with applause and alcohol, I exclaimed: 'God himself has a proviso in his eternal commandments, pardoning the drinks that Señor de Ardens takes.'

Lest you forget, let me remind you that I myself am Señor de Ardens. Pedro de Ardens, at your service.

Everybody burst out laughing, including the Governor himself, who courteously begged: 'Another glass, if you please, Señor de Ardens.'

He tasted only these two, but they brought me liberal commissions for my firm. When he finished it, he said half-jokingly: 'So you are agent for Hine Cognac, Señor Ardens. I compliment you on never forgetting business. You know your duty. I wish I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could govern this country as well as you advertise Hine Cognac. It's a pleasure to help gentlemen like you.' And turning to one of his attentive assistants he added: 'Be kind enough to call the proprietor.'

The proprietor was personally serving us, but he had gone out for a moment to receive a consignment that had come a little late. For special delicacies had been ordered by telephone from all parts of the country; and by a feat worthy of Aladdin, and quite unbelievable for those who know how slowly things are usually done in this part of America, they were arriving by express trains, noisy automobiles, and perspiring carriers from every corner of the compass — silvery fish from the nearest seaport, fruits and flowers from the interior.

The proprietor hastened in, and the Governor himself took my business in hand. 'Señor Ardens is agent for a marvelous cognac, Señor Rivas. Try it. Is n't it exquisite? My friends and I propose to drink this brand exclusively from now on. Is n't it so, gentlemen?' Three or four multimillionaires in the company hastened to reply in the affirmative.

The proprietor of the hotel knew what was due such a famous clientele.

'Señor Ardens,' he hastened to say, 'I beg you to place an order for me at once with the firm you so worthily represent.'

'For how much?'

'Well, as a starter, for $50,000.'

I almost fell from my chair, and blushed scarlet, even more from surprise than pleasure. The proud Orolandians were obviously delighted at my bewilderment: it flattered their vanity. Others hastened to add large orders for their private cellars.

The whole thing seemed like a page from a fairy tale. I felt myself swept up into a cloudland of joy and self-congratulation. So cordial grew the spirit of the company, we almost forgot that we were dining with so distinguished a host.

To be sure, he was not the only beast of prey in that intimidating junta. To me there was hardly a normal human face among my new acquaintances. As I gazed around, I saw only the predatory traits impressed upon their features: square-jawed, bulldog countenances, swinging bear-heads, low-browed crania with the enormous maxillaries of primates. I felt like the only man at the table, solitary among fierce jungle animals. The most brutal of all was a coarse fellow who ate, drank, and said nothing. His thick bull-neck was congested with blood. His appearance and demeanor emphasized the impression of a brute. His bloodshot eyes were set so far apart that they seemed almost to look sidewise. When addressed, he always lowered his head before answering with a surly monosyllable. He suggested a butcher from the stockyards — except for an enormous diamond that sparkled on his immaculate shirt-bosom.

This fellow seemed restless and nervous, like a fighter entering a ring. Did some obscure instinct warn him that he was about to be seized and throttled — that in a moment, in a tiny moment, he would make his last fierce but futile dagger-thrust at the scarlet robe of Fate?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NURSE AMONG THE ESKIMOS

BY SIGRID BUGGE WESTMARR

From *Berlingske Tidende, February* 17
(COPENHAGEN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

GREENLAND has the power to win one's heart. Whoever has once lived there always longs to get back. I was born at Julianehaab, where my father was Government Agent, and at the age of sixteen I arrived in Denmark to become a trained nurse. Therefore, when I was graduated at the National Hospital of Copenhagen a few years later, I accepted with pleasure an offer from the Greenland Missionary Service to become its 'district nurse' at Angmagssalik, the northernmost settlement on the east coast of the distant colony.

I was set ashore in September. As I watched the masts of the boat that brought me disappear over the horizon, I knew that I could not hear from the outside world at the earliest for a year, and under less favorable circumstances for two years.

The first few days were the worst. I really believe that only a person born in Greenland could have endured them. I was alone in my profession. There was no physician; only a native pastor, a Government Agent, and about six hundred Eskimos. My contract only required that I should be a nurse, but on many occasions I had to act likewise as physician and dentist.

Soon, however, I was happy in my new home. I already knew the Eskimos. On the east coast they are even more untouched by civilization than on the west. They are childlike souls, knowing no deceit, and received my services with utter confidence. The Agent and the pastor, and their wives, who are rendering noble service to these people, did everything in their power to make me comfortable.

My quarters consisted of several rooms, three of which, with six beds and a medicine closet, formed the hospital. I was the first trained nurse who had ever worked at Angmagssalik. Before my time the Government Agent's wife used to go around and visit the sick in their huts. Now that the patients had a 'regular hospital,' they were promptly moved there, and were delighted to be in it. What pleased them most, I believe, was the Danish food. They ate limitless quantities of oatmeal and biscuits, which to them were dishes for gentlefolk.

Angmagssalik is the only concentration-point for Eskimos on the east coast of Greenland. Formerly they lived scattered, but since the Danish colony was founded about forty years ago they have welcomed gladly the opportunity to get together. They feel more at home as the place grows, and look with friendly eyes on the Danes, who are the only white people who have ever given them a helping hand.

Unfortunately, the prosperity of the east coast has declined of recent years. Hard times began when the Norwegians started to catch seals north and south of Angmagssalik. When the seals disappear the natives also die out. Formerly a good hunter could count on a catch of two hundred seals a year; and he and his companions returned from a summer's trip with their main

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boat holding in addition thirty or forty bearskins, besides fox pelts. They could afford to wear these hides themselves in those days, while now they have to sell them and buy European cloth, which is neither so substantial nor so warm as the native furs.

The life of the Eskimos at Angmagssalik is like that of Eskimos everywhere. During the winter they crowd together, ten or twelve families in a single house less than twenty feet long. In the daytime the men hunt and the children attend school at the pastor's house. Evenings are given to social talk. The men sit and carve, the women sew, and comfort is complete when the coffeepot is over the fire and the pipes are lit.

Personally I was not able to share largely in their social life. Their coffee I could not drink, but I did eat their seal meat. It tasted good, though the cooking was not appetizing. The women sit close to the fire and chew blubber, which they spit into the kettles while the meat is cooking to prevent the formation of steam in the room.

The crowded condition of the houses and lack of cleanliness naturally cause considerable sickness. I had plenty of patients to care for. But, after all, the Eskimos have their own system of sanitation; and it is as simple as nature. When summer arrives, and the families set out on their nomad journeys, they remove the roofs of their winter houses and let wind, sun, and rain clean them for the following season.

Summer is vacation time for the Eskimos. Then they live with their women and children in tents, and revel in outdoor life like European vacationists. At that season they could not endure staying away from the mountains and fjords. Angmagssalik is, for the time being, completely deserted. The pastor's family and myself spent the whole time making the rounds of the various hunting and fishing camps. Our boat always received a glad welcome. The Eskimos came running down from mountain and river like happy children, to greet the pastor and his party.

After his tent was pitched, the Eskimos would gather for divine service in the open air. They made a colorful and picturesque sight in the midst of the magnificent scenery, sitting on the shore in their bright costumes with the snow-capped mountain-tops as a background. The brilliant sunshine made each strip of color doubly bright, and in the crystal-clear air the red Danish flag, the centre of the picture, would glow like a flame of fire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

TUSCANY

BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST

[*London Mercury*]

Cisterns and stones; the fig tree in the wall
Casts down her shadow, ashen as her boughs,
Across the road, across the thick white dust.
Down from the hill the slow white oxen crawl,
Dragging the purple wagon heaped with must,
With scarlet tassels on their milky brows,
Gentle as evening moths. Beneath the yoke
Lounging against the shaft they fitful strain
To draw the wagon on its creaking spoke,
And all the vineyard folk
With staves and shouldered tools surround the wain.
The wooden shovels take the purple stain,
The dusk is heavy with the wine's warm load;
Here the long sense of classic measure cures
The spirit weary of its difficult pain;
Here the old Bacchic piety endures,
Here the sweet legends of the world remain.
Homeric wagons lumbering the road;
Virgilian litanies among the bine;
Pastoral sloth of flocks beneath the pine;
The swineherd watching, propped upon his goad,
Under the chestnut trees the rootling swine —
Who could so stand, and see this evening fall,
This calm of husbandry, this redolent tilth,
This terracing of hills, this vintage wealth,
Without the pagan sanity of blood
Mounting his veins in young and tempered health?
Who could so stand, and watch processional
The vintners, herds, and flocks in dusty train
Wend through the golden evening to regain
The terraced farm and trodden threshing-floor
Where late the flail
Tossed high the maize in scud of gritty ore,
And lies half-buried in the heap of grain —
Who could so watch, and not forget the rack
Of wills worn thin and thought become too frail,
Nor roll the centuries back
And feel the sinews of his soul grow hale,
And know himself for Rome's inheritor?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PERSECUTED WHALE

MR. W. P. PYCRAFT, of the South Kensington Museum, describes in the *Manchester Guardian* the efforts that are being made to save the whale from extinction. Owing to lack of regulation, whaling in the northern seas is no longer possible, and the antarctic region is being exploited to such an extent that the British Colonial Office is outfitting an expedition to make a complete report on the present state of affairs.

Most concern is being expressed over the fate of the humpback whale, which spends certain seasons of the year devouring small crustaceans in the antarctic ocean. The burning question now is whether these humpback whales — and possibly their more slender cousins, the rorquals — spend the lean months north of the Equator or off the coast of Africa.

What this expedition proposes is to bombard the whales with small barbed metal darts, fired from specially designed crossbows. These darts will lodge firmly but painlessly in the thick layer of blubber with which the great animals are coated. In this fashion many whales will be labeled and can be identified when captured. The coast of Africa is their great breeding-ground, and if all the marked victims are captured in this vicinity protection of the species will not be a difficult matter. If, however, the marked whales are caught all over the world, further steps will have to be taken. Mr. Pycraft concludes his remarks with the observation that the great auk and Steller's sea cow were both martyrs to commercial greed, though the sea elephant has been preserved, thanks to the efforts of a few farsighted people. And the whale, too, can be saved if only those metal darts don't itch so much that he foolishly tries to scratch them off.

✽

S. R. O.

THE sport-loving Nordics — Scandinavian, English, and American — are applying for so many seats to the Olympic Games that it required eleventh-hour action on the part of the committee in charge to save any places for the French. Here was an opening for the humorist, and M. Fernand Vandérem of *Figaro* was not slow to take advantage of it. His remarks are in a sardonic tone throughout and they begin with the hope that room may be found for a bare hundred of his countrymen, which number, after all, is about a fair proportion to France's total population of forty millions. But he soon flies off at a tangent when he starts thinking about the flood of rich foreigners that will inundate his beloved capital during the summer months.

'What sort of figure are you going to cut in the eyes of your tailor when, just as you have begun to set up a wail about the high prices, some young son of the Pampas comes in and asks for ten suits and five or six sport-coats without so much as trying to beat down the price? At your shoeshop the scene is the same. How much attention do you think you will get beside a man who is ordering five hundred pounds' worth of variously designed shoes for the Maharajah of Rudukoto and twenty thousand dollars' worth of shoes for Chicago or Boston? And then, just as you have decided to go barefooted for one more summer, you reach the door and think that you will be permitted to leave in peace. Not at all; you are thrown out.

'Inconveniences and disillusionments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crowd upon you from every hand. You write to a hotel to have a room reserved between June and August and ask for the list of prices. You will get one of three kinds of answer, depending on the temperament of the proprietor. Either silence ensues or you are told that everything is taken or you are told that reservations are not made.'

But there are consolations. If all these infernal foreigners are going to spend their whole time watching the Olympic Games, the native Parisian has a real treat in store for him. He can have Paris to himself in summer. The only question is whether or not he will like it.

✤

'TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR'

ALONG with the centenary of Byron's death and Anatole France's eightieth birthday comes the centenary of Jane Taylor, author of many children's poems, including 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.' Miss Taylor was the daughter of a Congregational clergyman, the Reverend Isaac Taylor, who was also a gifted writer and engraver. At the age of five she used to preach sermons from the counter of the local bakery, at the age of eight she had begun to write, at thirteen she was learning engraving, and at twenty-one her book of 'Original Poems' appeared, to which she and her sister Ann contributed. They rashly sold their rights for £15 and the book has since passed through fifty editions. Although her parents disapproved of her literary activities, — harmless enough compared to those of the modern spinster, — she followed up her first book with another, 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' and until her death, at the age of forty-one, she went on writing prose as well as verse, and poems for the adult as well as for the child. Her sister Ann, in the meanwhile, had been married.

Jane Taylor's work has been praised by Swinburne, Scott, Browning, and Dr. Arnold, Browning having based his poem, 'Rephan,' on her religious bit of verse entitled 'How It Strikes a Stranger.' Her letters were full of independent criticism of current events and the larger interests of life, as the following quotation shows: 'I do believe the reason why so few men, even among the intelligent, wish to encourage the mental cultivation of women is their excessive love of the good things of this life.' But this was not Miss Taylor's usual vein. It was rather in the spirit of the following stanza which, says the *Daily Telegraph*, is now almost forgotten in England: —

> When daily I kneel down to pray,
> As I am taught to do,
> God does not care for what I say,
> Unless I feel it too.

✤

THE SECRET OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

YEARS of investigation by the Norwegian physicist Lars Vegard, professor in the Kongelige Frederiks Universitet at Christiania, have ended in an entirely new conception of the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere. Professor Vegard now feels himself able to account for the characteristic green light of the aurora borealis as well as the so-called zodiacal light which appears in tropical regions.

According to his new theory, — which has been verified by the artificial production of the green light of the aurora borealis in the laboratory, — the upper levels of the atmosphere are not entirely gaseous but include minute nitrogen crystals held in suspension and bombarded by the electrical energy of the sun. The late Professor Birkeland, also of the Kongelige Frederiks Universitet, introduced the theory that the northern lights are due to electrical emanations from the sun, a theory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Professor Vegard's discoveries confirm. When, however, Professor Vegard began his analysis of the colors in the northern lights by the spectroscope, he was at once confronted with the puzzling green light which had been a great mystery to all who had hitherto investigated these phenomena. No substance known was capable of giving this particular color, and in order to account for it certain scientific men had even assumed the existence of a purely hypothetical gas, which they called geocoronium.

Professor Vegard spent the winter of 1912 in the extreme northern part of Norway, studying the northern lights. He was able to show that the blue and white light was due to nitrogen. Aided by the State's research fund he returned to work the following winter with a specially devised apparatus. All his results pointed to the probability that the green light was also due to nitrogen. He could prove that nitrogen was present in large quantities and could find nothing to justify the theory of an unknown gas. He hit at length upon the idea that a very slight electrification of the upper levels of the atmosphere would be sufficient to maintain very minute solid particles.

The next thing was to verify his theory by experiment, but as Norway did not afford the apparatus requisite for producing the extremely low temperatures necessary for his experiment he went to the Physical Institute in Leyden, where the technique of refrigeration has been carried to a very high degree of perfection. The first experiment took place in January of the present year. Nitrogen was solidified within the apparatus and was then bombarded by cathode rays of varying intensities, immediately producing the characteristic green light. A spectroscopic analysis of this light confirmed his hypothesis.

G. B. S., LYRIST

A FEW years ago a critic amused himself by compiling a list of books which could never be written but which would be immense successes if the impossible could be and they should appear. Among these stillborn masterpieces were to be a comedy by Theodore Roosevelt and a book of lyrics by Mr. Bernard Shaw. These were the wildest extravagances that the writer could conceive, but time has played its customary tricks, and behold, in cold print there actually appears a lyric by Bernard Shaw! It is not, to be sure, a very brilliant lyric. Shelley and Keats — in whose *Pot of Basil* Mr. Shaw once professed to discern the economic theory of history — are still secure on their pedestals.

But as Mr. Shaw is quite incapable of doing anything uninteresting, his solitary lyric is worth reprinting. It appears in the album which Lord Haig has brought out in the interests of ex-service men: —

Justinian, in History's view
  Your fame is not worth half a snowball
Because, ungrateful monarch, you
  Grudged Belisarius his obol.

Again the veteran begs his bread
  From you who swore he ne'er should rue it.
For shame! It was for you he bled.
  It is for you to see him through it.

SOME STEVENSON PUBLICITY

THE distinguished house of Heinemann, which is publishing the so-called Tusitala edition of Stevenson's complete works, has devised a publicity scheme to promote interest in the works of the beloved R. L. S. They have prepared an examination paper of Stevensoniana and will award two sets of their new edition to the best two lists of answers submitted. We quote five of the eighteen questions: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What was the original title of *Treasure Island?* To the line, —

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,

what two popular misunderstandings give gruesomeness? Interpret the line correctly.

Quote an authentic and humorous dedication written by Stevenson in a presentation copy of *Travels with a Donkey.*

What grotesquely impossible feat of strength did Stevenson make which one of his characters perform?

Which of his works did Stevenson always find it impossible to read? To whom did he address his protest against the use of 'N.B.' for 'Scotland'?

Can you reconcile Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's opinion, that Stevenson regarded religion merely as something helpful to people less intellectual than himself, with the Reverend John Kelman's substantial volume on *The Religion of Robert Louis Stevenson?*

A year's subscription to the *Living Age* will not be awarded free of charge to those of our readers who can figure out the correct answers.

✽

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* has gleaned the following description of a Rumanian wedding-feast, which we pass on to the hungry and thirsty for whatever it is worth: —

A wedding-feast of almost Homeric dimensions is reported from the North-Rumanian country town of Marmaros-Sziget, where the famous Rabbi Teitelbaum celebrated the marriage of his fifteen-year-old daughter with the equally famous Rabbi Halberstamm, of Gorlice.

Following the long printed Hebrew invitation, about 10,000 Jews from Russia, Poland, and Austria appeared as guests, among them more than seventy rabbis, who had to be put up in private houses, as the few hotels were immediately overcrowded. The presents they brought amount in value to several thousands of pounds, and filled up three spacious rooms.

The wedding ceremonies lasted a whole week, beginning with big dinners given to the poor. At the celebration in the synagogue, which could only hold a small part of the guests, the representatives of the various Christian churches and the town authorities appeared in full number.

The list of the food consumed gives a reassuring impression about the appetite of the guests. No fewer than 32 oxen, 210 sheep, 160 calves, 2100 geese, 3000 chickens had to pay with their lives for the general satisfaction of the party. The admirers of Rabbi Teitelbaum did not forget to drink, and two wagons of liquor arrived just in time to quench the thirst of the guests.

✽

RADIO IN SOVIETLAND

THE Communist organ, *Izvestia*, discusses the importance of the radio for the 'economic, political, and cultural life of the republic' and deplores the scant development of the industry in Russia. 'Why is this apparatus manufactured in such scant numbers here?' the paper asks, and gives the following answer: 'Because the chief support of the radio industry in Europe and America is the mass of amateurs, who do not exist in Russia. To develop amateurs, we must have broadcasting stations; for what is the use of having a radio in your house if you cannot listen to anything?' It is further proposed to organize a society for the development of the use of the radio. The Communist Party and the professional unions will be entrusted with the duty of installing radio centres 'in every village' so that 'all peasants and workers of the Alliance of Soviet Republics will be kept in touch with the political and economic life of the country. . . . Need we mention the almost fantastic perspectives that will be open to us when radio broadcasting here reaches a high degree of development?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Mahatma Gandhi, by Romain Rolland. Paris: Librairie Stock; New York: Century Company, 1924. $1.50.

[P. Masson-Oursel in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

FAITHFUL to his method, which consists in seeking out the root ideas of typical personalities, the author of *Jean Christophe,* the biographer of Handel and Michelangelo, has in the last few years allowed his curiosity to extend to Asia, and has taken Tagore and Gandhi as subjects for study. The renowned poet fascinated him, but to Rolland, famed as a zealot for human emancipation, his serenity must have been less grateful than the humanitarian apostlehood of Gandhi. Let us hasten to add, however, that Gandhi's fanatical nationalism must have been less satisfactory to the opponent of all imperialism than were Tagore's songs of universal harmony. At all events, Rolland's *Life of Tolstoi* finds a marvelous complement in this biography of a Hindu who is spiritually linked with the Russian apostle.

The newspapers have kept us informed from time to time of the trial and imprisonment of Gandhi, whom they represented as an agitator among the Indian masses. Romain Rolland serves the cause of India as well as the cause of truth by revealing the opponent of British oppression as a man who through a long career has been a loyal British subject, besides being one of the purest religious minds that has ever existed. The 'Great Soul' or Mahatma appears profoundly Indian in those thoroughly spiritual qualities which have been turned to politics solely because of the wretchedness of his age.

La guerre des femmes: Histoire de Louise de Bettignies et de ses compagnes, by Antoine Redier. Paris: Éditions de la Vraie France, 1924. 8*fr.* 50.

[Firmin Roz in *La Revue Bleue*]

WHAT a subject for the chronicler of big and little history, for psychologists and for soldiers, there is in the story of Louise de Bettignies who, finding herself at Lille in the house of her absent mother when the Germans arrived in October 1914, sought the free air of France, was struck with admiration of the English through whose hands she passed to Folkestone, and, being presented to Marshal French at Saint-Omer, requested that she be allowed to organize an intelligence service. She chose her own assistants, and displayed astonishing qualities of leadership, indomitable energy, tireless activity, courage ready for every proof, incredible coolness, finesse which was by turns cunning or strong as unyielding steel. She crossed the German lines twenty times, was at length captured, — as was inevitable, — underwent all the torments of preliminary imprisonment, police questionings, intimidation, threats, lies, and condemnation — one can hardly call it judgment — by a court-martial at Brussels. She was sentenced to death on March 16, 1916, then reprieved by General von Bissing and sent to Germany for perpetual detention, where she died on September 27, 1918, after two years and a half of nameless suffering. Her body was returned to her mother on the twentieth of January, 1920, after receiving high honors from the French and British Governments and a magnificent funeral from her fellow citizens of Lille.

The Pirates' Who's Who: Giving particulars of the lives and deaths of the pirates and buccaneers, by Philip Gosse. Illustrated. London: Dulan and Co., 1924.

[*Morning Post*]

'SURELY pirates, taking them in their broadest sense,' observes Mr. Philip Gosse in his preface to this ingenious book, 'are as much entitled to a biographical dictionary of their own as are clergymen, race horses, or artists in ferro-concrete, who all, I am assured, have their own *Who's Who.*' The answer shall be in the affirmative. Let us, then, look up some of the dear old friends of our childhood when piracy — not the kind carried on in offices of the newly rich — seemed the noblest, as well as the most lucrative, of all the professions.

Israel Hands — famous for his brief, pregnant dissertation on 'Goodness' in Stevenson's wonderful yarn — was sailing-master with the famous Teach — shockingly libeled in *The Master of Ballantrae* — or Blackbeard. We were aware of that connection and also of the way he was shot in the knee and crippled for life by Teach who, when the twain were seated together at table in the cabin, suddenly drew his pistols, blew out the candle, and, crossing his arms, fired both pistols under the table. His excuse for making so free was that 'if he did not shoot one or two of them occasionally they'd forget who he was.' What we did not know was that the sailing-master was also known as 'Basilica' Hands and was tried for piracy in Virginia, December 1718, and, being pardoned, crossed the ocean and when last heard of was begging his bread in London.

Captain Edward Low was another of our special favorites, but we never really knew him until we read Mr. Philip Gosse's brief memoir.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was the Low family who invented the idea of carrying a basket on one's head containing a small brother, who would snatch the hats and even the wigs of passing citizens and secrete them in the basket. From such small, ingenious beginnings grew a mastery of the great profession of robbery on the high seas and also a remarkable gift for cruelty as a fine art.

It is pleasant to see once more, after donkey's years, the ballad written in honor of Captain Kidd on his necktie party at Tilbury in Execution Dock: —

I'd ninety bars of gold as I sailed, as I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold as I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold.
And dollars manifold,
With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Mr. Philip Gosse's researches have been so far-reaching that it is to be hoped he will write the full history of piracy, which he discusses in his preface.

Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman, by André Servier. Translated by A. S. Moss-Blundell. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 15*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

THE abolition of the Caliphate by the Angora Assembly, and the question thus raised throughout the Moslem world, with probably serious repercussions elsewhere, make the publication of this book opportune. Apart from that, the book is important because it delivers a considered and well-documented opinion on the origins, history, and achievements of Islam, particularly on the Arab civilization it induced, which differs very greatly from that popularly held and expressed by historians generally. The splendor of Arab civilization when at its highest in Damascus, Bagdad, or Cordova is a commonplace of the history-books. The Pan-Arabs of to-day never tire of speaking of the splendid past of the Arabs as showing what the race has done and may do again. In this book M. André Servier maintains that these history-books and the Pan-Arabs are entirely wrong, and that, far from there being anything splendid in Arab civilization, no purely Arab civilization ever existed. He says: —

'There is a Greek civilization, and a Latin civilization; there is no Arab civilization, if by that word is meant the effort personal and original of a people toward progress. There may, perhaps, be a Musulman civilization, but it owes nothing to the Arabs, nor even to Islam. Nations converted to Mahometanism only made progress because they belonged to other races than the Arab, and because they had not yet received too deeply the impress of Islam. Their effort was accomplished in spite of the Arabs, and in spite of Islamic dogma. . . . The Arab has borrowed everything from other nations, literature, art, science, and even his religious ideas. He has passed it all through the sieve of his own narrow mind, and, being incapable of rising to high philosophic conceptions, he has distorted, mutilated, and desiccated everything.'

All this may seem rather sweeping, though it is a commonplace to the historians of science. It will be asked, what of the illustrious men, such as Averroës, Avicenna, and Maimonides, with whom Arab civilization has hitherto been identified, and what of the contributions to philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, and medicine, with which they have always been credited? M. Servier expected such questions and has his answers ready. They were not Arabs, but Persians, Syrians, or Jews. He admits that the Arabs have left a few original works of history and geography, but he demonstrates that Arabian science, astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, and medicine are all copied from the Greeks. He shows that Arabian philosophy is derived from the School of Alexandria, and its literature from Greece and Persia in the East and from Latin inspiration in the West. He finds that in the fine arts, sculpture, painting, and music the 'nullity of the Arab is absolute.' It is an astounding arraignment of a whole people which in itself might suggest that it goes too far, but he gives chapter and verse for his statements.

According to M. Servier, the one and only creation of the Arab is his religion, and even that is not so much a creation as an adaptation of Christianity to his own poor mentality. M. Servier points out that Islam to-day is what it became in the second century after the Hejira, when fanatical Arab Doctors of the Law moulded it into its final rigid form, and deprived Mohammedanism of any elasticity it has earlier, as well as of any prospect it might have had of development later.

✽

NEW TRANSLATIONS

BOURGET, PAUL. *The Gaol.* Translated from the French by Mabel F. Robinson. New York: Brentano's, 1924. $2.00.

ESQUEMELING. *Buccaneers of America,* (1684–5). With an Essay by Andrew Long. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1924. $5.00.

HELIODORUS. *An Ethiopian Romance.* Translated by Thomas Underdowne. Revised and partly rewritten by F. A. Wright. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1924.

ROSTAND, EDMOND. *Cyrano de Bergerac.* Translated from the French by Brian Hooker. New York: Holt, 1924. $1.75.

VERGIL. *The Æneid.* Translated by Charles J. Billson. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1924. 7*s*. 6*d*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

FROM KANT TO BERGSON. *A Bicentenary Review* — *Lord Haldane*

CHEMISTRY AND NATIONAL DEFENSE — *Efisio Mameli*

CHANGING CHINA — *Professor Emil Lederer*
From Modern Capitalism to Modern Nationalism

FAREWELL TO THE RED RESERVISTS — *M. Frunze*
Russia's New Army System

THE CRYSTAL PALACE. *A Wembley Retrospect*

THE PANTHER MAN. II — *Rafael Arévalo Martínez*
A Story of Jungle Government

THESPIS IN THE ORIENT

I. MEI LAN FANG: CHINA'S FOREMOST ACTOR — *Achilles*

II. IN A JAPANESE THEATRE — *Alice Schalek*

THE HANDWRITING OF SHAKESPEARE — *Sir F. G. Kenyon*
Director of the British Museum

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find *$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning .....

Name.....

Address..... *City*.....

*Foreign postage $1.50 extra; Canadian postage 50c extra

5-24-24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

". . to give you more information on the news of the day in quicker time than any other publication or combination of publications." *The fulfillment of this promise is guaranteed by the publishers.*

Yearly subscription - $5.00

Mail this memo for further details.

L.A. 5-24-24

Circulation Manager, TIME
236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me by return mail, without any obligation, details about TIME's system of covering all the news each week.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED